No. 9321189

# JOHN BULL

Vol. IX. No. 236 | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1910 | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

*The world is a bundle of hay;*
*Mankind are the asses who pull:*
*Each tugs it a different way,*
*And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

**Edited by**
**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.**

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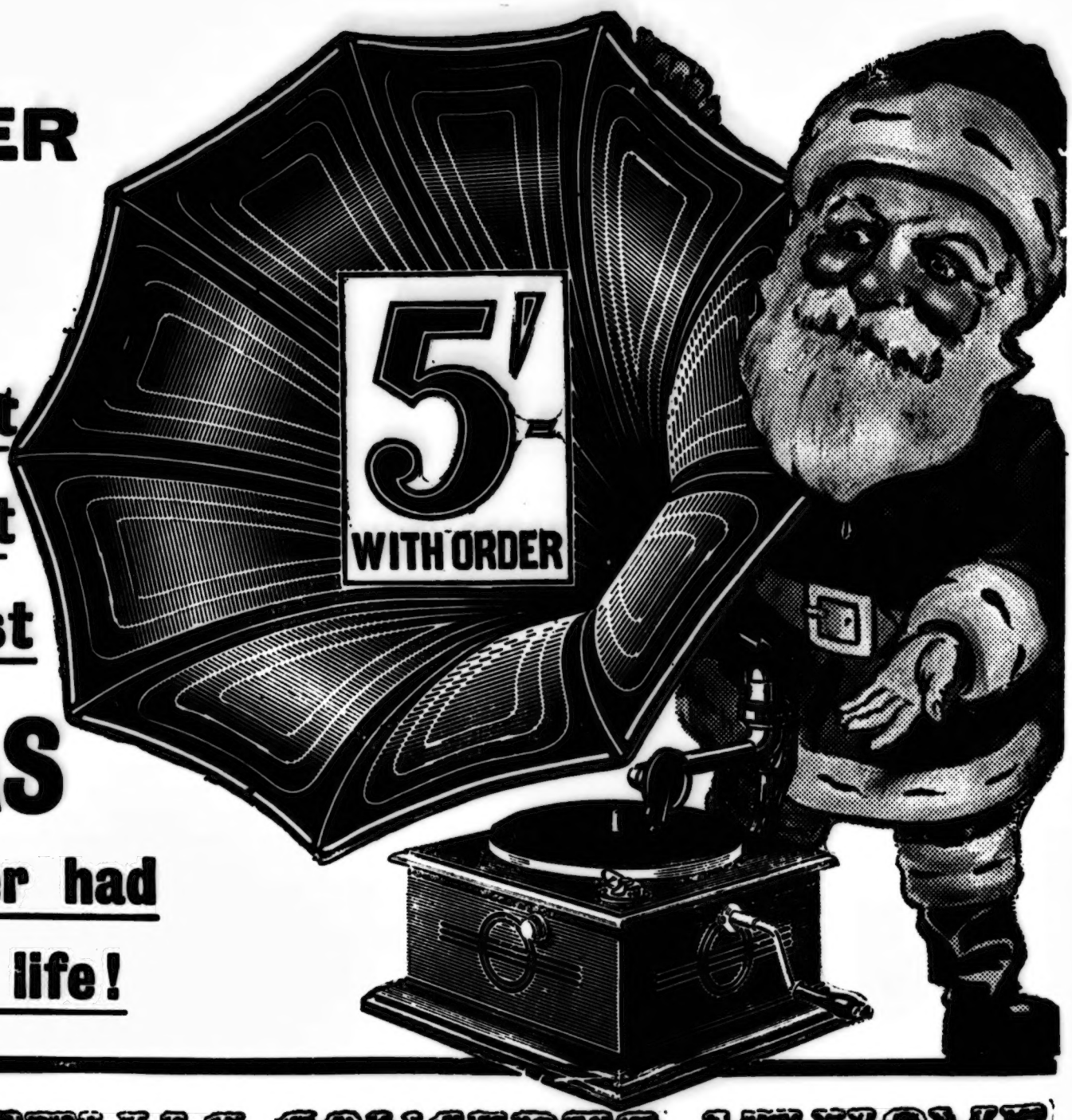


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SHEFFIELD.

# JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. IX. No. 236. Saturday, December 10th, 1910. One Penny


## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

*Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.*

*All editorial enquiries* MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

### TO ADVERTISERS.

*All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Odhams Ltd.; Advertising Dept., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.*


GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.—Mr. F. Mouillot's Season. SATURDAY, Dec. 10th, at 8.45, THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL, a story of public school life. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5.

THE PLAYHOUSE, Charing Cross. CYRIL MAUDE.
Every Evening at 9, A SINGLE MAN. By Hubert Henry Davies.
At 8.30, "Between the Soup and the Savoury." Mat., Weds., Sats., 2.30.


## The John Bull League.

### MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BRANCH.

### A PUBLIC MEETING

will be held in the

**MEMORIAL HALL, ALBERT SQUARE, MANCHESTER,**

**TO-NIGHT (THURSDAY) DECEMBER 8th, 1910**

**EX-LIEUT. ALLAN SUTOR**

will deliver an address on

**"THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT."**

Chairman: Councillor H. ROSS CLYNE.

Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8.

ADMISSION FREE.

NOTE.—This Meeting was originally fixed for December 1st, but, owing to the Elections, was postponed.

### COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL.

The President,

**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, ESQ., M.P.,**

and

**EX-LIEUT. ALLAN SUTOR**

will address a

### PUBLIC MEETING

**TO-MORROW (FRIDAY) DECEMBER 9th, 1910.**

Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8.

Prior to the commencement of the Proceedings a Recital on the Grand Organ will be given by Mr. Geo. Riseley.

ADMISSION FREE.

### SHEFFIELD AND ROTHERHAM BRANCH.

### A PUBLIC MEETING

WILL BE HELD IN THE

**CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.**

ON

**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16th. 1910.**

**EX-LIEUT. ALLAN SUTOR**

Will Deliver an Address on

**"THE ARMY FROM WITHIN—AND WITHOUT."**

Chairman: DR. R. H. WILSON

Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8.

ADMISSION FREE.

Admission to Reserved Seats by League Badges and tickets. A limited number of the latter to be obtained from the Local Secretary, 53, Idsworth Road, Pitsmoor.

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We go to press on the eve of our own poll, but we have ventured to insert an "Imaginary Interview" with the defeated candidates. Of course, we shall look very stupid on Thursday if *we* are one of them—but we will risk it.

This particular page goes to foundry on Saturday morning—before any of the first day's contested polls are announced. We shall deal with them in another column. And, although much tempted to prophesy, we will refrain—till we know.

But this we will say. Whatever may be the immediate outcome of the Election, the Business Government of the John Bull League has been brought nearer. Elsewhere will be found the list of questions which have been addressed to candidates of all Parties. The nature of the replies has been a revelation to us.

A perusal of the Election Addresses of the candidates reveals a similar advance. "Business principles" is a phrase found in many of them, and found for the first time. Yes, we are getting on.

Next week, with the result of the Election before us, we shall indicate what we consider to be the only possible policy for dealing with the Constitutional crisis. By that time, the public will have had an opportunity of recovering from the nausea of *cacoethes loquendi* from which it is now suffering. How heartily sick is the Man in the Street of all this mud-throwing and special pleading of the Party fanatics! More lies are told in the course of a General Election than even at a Missionary Congress—the only difference being that not so many of them are swallowed.

Has it ever occurred to you as a strange commentary on our present system of Government that whenever any very serious question has to be determined the leaders of both sections appeal to their followers to "rise above Party," or not to "treat the matter in a Party spirit"? In other words, they admit—although unconsciously—that Party is not capable of dealing with things which matter!

The circulation of JOHN BULL is rapidly approaching that million which we set ourselves to reach by the end of the year. The trade orders last week amounted to 967,187 copies—and people "who knew" predicted that *Mrs. Bull* would injure us! That good lady, too, is going ahead at a rare pace.

From his own explanation of his defeat in the Newcastle municipal election, it would appear that Mr. W. R. Armstrong, the ex-sheriff who forced teetotal beverages on his official guests because he drinks nothing else himself, has had to fight "every beer-tap in the ward." "If there was anyone who should have been at my elbow it was my temperance friends," he says, in his latest wail, "but on this occasion they deserted me." What an awful plight for a fanatic teetotaler to be in—oppressed by beer and deserted by pop!

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Sir Benjamin Scott, the wealthy Mayor of Carlisle, sat through one of the clearest-sighted, plainest-spoken, and most passionately eloquent sermons which we have read (or heard) for many a long day, on his attending the cathedral, according to custom, on the Sunday following his election. We don't say this with any thought of affronting the new mayor in any way. These official mayoral sermons are, in general, so smooth, so oily, so sickening in their canting slobber, that the congregation must have been first startled, then almost spellbound, to be faced by a pulpit orator who had no slobber to give them, only the flaming eloquence of a brief for the poor—their rights, their wrongs, and their needs. And when the sermon ended with the words, "At this hour the axe is being laid at the roots of the trees," and the Dean promptly rose and said, "The collection this morning will be in aid of the poor of the city," they must have wondered whether they were awake or dreaming. What the sermon drew from them in the way of cash we do not know. But those who wish to read it will find an admirable report in the *Carlisle Journal*. The preacher was the Rev. Hudson Shaw, and he has our blessing.

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The *Jewish Chronicle* utters a very reasonable protest against the continued use in the Church of England service of the third Good Friday Collect, "which invokes the mercy of God 'upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks.' . . . We ask our fellow-citizens of the Christian faith," the *Chronicle* continues, "to cease, even now, this scandalous and immoral crusade. We call upon Convocation to leave Jews to pray for themselves—the most efficacious method—and to put its own house in order." To our mind this gratuitous insult to an ancient and honourable faith is on a par with that expressed in the object of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews—a cash-collecting association on which we have long had our eye. Surely by this time we have advanced far enough along the path of progress no longer to associate our Jewish fellow-citizens with Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks? At any rate, let us remember that our late revered King Edward numbered several Jewish gentlemen amongst his most intimate friends, and cease to cast unworthy aspersions upon a great religion, to which the world owes much.

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We suppose, Dr. Peake, the Secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society, must find something to do to keep himself busy. His latest, as a champion kill-joy, is to circularise the shareholders of the Midland Railway, asking them to declare against the company's agreement with the National Sunday League in regard to Sunday excursions. So far as shareholders who are readers of JOHN BULL are concerned, we can promise on their behalf one of two things—either they have put Dr. Peake's circular into the fire, or they have written to the directors of the Midland Railway in a sense contrary to that which his soul so ardently desires. The Sunday League is doing a splendid work to deliver our land from the conventions, restrictions, cant, and humbug of a parson-ridden Sunday. The people want a free and rational Sunday. This is what the League is helping to obtain for them by its excursions and entertainments.

Despite the flood of gutter oratory, there are one or two constituencies where the rival candidates are doing all they can to make things nice and cosy for each other. Sir Edward Grey has again decided not to have any canvassing done for him, as he thinks it is contrary to the spirit of the Ballot Act. In the Knutsford Division, the Liberal Whitworth and the Tory Sykes have agreed not to issue any pictorial posters or to indulge in personalities, also likewise the Liberal Brunner and the Tory de Knoop in Cheshire. After all, life really ought to be worth living, even in election times.

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Upon what principle are sentences based? Here we have the Camberwell Guardians appealing to the Home Secretary to reduce a sentence of *four months'* imprisonment passed upon a poor starving man who had stolen a coster's barrow he had hired. His famished wife applied to the Guardians for relief for herself and four young children, the eldest of whom is under nine years of age, and it came out that her husband had been out of work for many months, and sold the coster's barrow to obtain food for his starving children. This poor wretch gets four months' hard labour for a *first* offence. Theobald—the "National Home Employment Association" swindler whom we exposed gets six months' in the second division—which means that he will live like a fighting cock—for 2,536 proved frauds out of many thousands extending over thirteen years! Oh, for a Business Judge!

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It has been announced, at a meeting of the Synod's Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England, that Mr. H. T. Wallace, of Liverpool, has given £10,000 for mission work in China. We should have thought Mr. Wallace could have found a better use for his £10,000, by devoting the money to the alleviation of distress in the slums of Liverpool. For all the practical good the money will do for China or the Chinaman, Mr. Wallace might as well have chucked it into the sea.

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That hardy Christmas annual, the teetotal bigot who chances to be a Poor Law Guardian, has again started blooming. By a majority of two votes, the Guildford Guardians have decided to deprive the workhouse inmates of the Christmas beer which has hitherto been provided for those who wanted it. The idea of the bigot everywhere is that there is no excuse for liberty unless you can compel other people to do as you want them to do, and there are times when, athirst for revenge, we feel as if we should like to promote an Act of Parliament to deprive him of every available teetotal drink, including water. If one class of the community is at liberty to force down the throats of the other pop and water when they thirst for ale, then it seems clear that the class of the community so treated is equally at liberty to force ale down the throats of those who thirst only for water and pop. Every man to his tap, say we; and one good turn deserves another.

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In the old days, the late Colonel Saunderson used to threaten to line the ditches of Ulster with bayonets if Home Rule were granted. Even Sir Edward Carson does not adopt that style of language now; but we note from the speech of Brother the Rev. William Wright, D.C.C., at the Newtonwards No. 4 L.O.L., that the martial blatherskite is still breathing fire and slaughter on Mr. Redmond and his followers. "In a very short time," quoth our rev. Christian brother, "we shall have taught our young men to resist Home Rule and also to handle arms. I want to tell all present to be ready, when the day arrives, for our leaders in Ulster and in Parliament to say, 'Strike out for yourselves; we want to go and fight out this battle to the bitter end.'" So in the near future Erin may expect to see the Rev. William running home to fetch his gun; if not previously confined in a lunatic asylum.

Will the Abingdon justices be good enough to explain why they refuse licences to ratepayers for substantial brick and tiled buildings designed and constructed for cinematograph exhibitions, and grant them to non-ratepayers who erect flimsy galvanised iron structures on immovable wheels in a field? And will Mr. Job Coxeter, J.P., one of their number, explain on his own behalf why, having been convicted and fined on four different summonses for purchasing stolen brass fittings from boys, he should regard himself as a fit and proper person to administer justice? Does he not think that in decency he should get off the bench?

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We note that at a meeting of the Crieff School Board, on a motion that temperance teaching should be given in its schools, the Rev. Mr. Murray, of the Monzie Parish Church, strongly objected to the identification of temperance with teetotalism. "Teetotalism," said the rev. gentleman, "is a doctrine dishonouring to God and contrary to the plain teaching of the Scriptures." Here again you have an instance of the careless ease with which the Gospel professor rolls off his tongue the name of the Supreme Being to back up an argument. This sort of thing is quite as objectionable as dragging the name of the Sovereign into the controversy about the Veto. Many people in this country are none the worse and many others would be all the better for being teetotal. The teetotaler only becomes a public nuisance when he refuses to others the liberty he claims for himself. What the Rev. Mr. Murray means, no doubt, is that the Founder of Christianity was always temperate but never teetotal.

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There is so holy an atmosphere about Mr. Tom Wing, when on the stump at Grimsby, that one almost wonders why he and his supporters do not go about wearing halos. The other day, for instance, the Rev. Silvester Horne, the chief speaker at one of his meetings, told his audience that God would never forgive them if they did not take the opportunity of returning Mr. Wing as Member, Mr. T. R. Watkinson, J.P., following with a speech in which he said that all the forces of hell were on the side of their opponents. It seems a piece of insufferable impertinence, to say the least, for the Rev. Silvester Horne to pose as a special messenger from the Lord in the politics of Grimsby, and the J.P.'s claim that all the Liberals are on the side of the angels and all the Tories on the side of the devil, is a statement to which we decline to attach any credence whatever. So do the angels.

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It is the fashion just now for the Canadian papers to abuse this journal for its outspokenness in regard to emigration truths. The language of the gutter is the only argument they can find to refute our definite allegation—confirmed by quotations from advertisements—that "no Englishman need apply" for any job in the Dominion. An Ontario reader sends us cuttings from the *Hamilton Spectator* (the first dated as recently as November 16th) with the remark that he has been over there more than 7 years and doesn't know yet why Canadians are so prejudiced against Englishmen.

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Under the heading "It isn't True" appears the following:—"To settle an argument, will you please state in the *Spectator* if it is true that the gaols in England are freed of prisoners once a year and sent to Canada?" To this is attached the note "No.—Ed." But in a subsequent issue "Chirper" chimes in that he would "like to add that possibly years ago such was the case, and the big majority of present-day 'Canadians' are the progeny of such scum. I don't say this is a fact, but judging by the number I have met and worked with, I should think it is more than likely." How the Canadians do love the "Motherland"!

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Our dear, pious old friend, the Rev. William Riley—late of South Hackney—does not appear to be setting Walsall on fire. After a lecture by Mrs. Sidney Webb, in the Co-operative Hall a few evenings since, he made a ridiculous fuss because he had not been invited upon the platform. He was promptly reduced to small potatoes, being informed that "he had not been invited on the platform because he was not regarded as a person of any particular importance." Which was precisely the status of the dear man in South Hackney.

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We have been shown the advertisement of a saddler at Walsall. It begins with the words—LE NEVE CRIPPEN PEDLEY, and, while we are willing to believe that this enterprising tradesman peddles under the name of Pedley, we refuse to credit the extraordinary coincidence that his Christian names can be both Le Neve and Crippen. In fact, we are willing to wager that he has inserted them as a method of advertisement, and we fear we cannot congratulate him upon the excellence of his taste.

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Apropos of the recent hubbub in the Press regarding the Crippen case, it is interesting to recall the origin of the term "catch-penny" as applied to a newspaper sold by false pretences. In the first few decades of the nineteenth century a firm of printers in St. Giles' made a speciality of publishing at one penny each long slips containing roughly-printed accounts of current trials, confessions of criminals, and executions. January, 1824, witnessed the trial of Probert, Hunt and Thurtell for the murder of a Mr. Weare, the former turning King's evidence. Remarkable interest was aroused in the proceedings, and the penny reports were sold by the hundred thousand. After the execution of Hunt and Thurtell, business fell off, but was immediately active upon the ingenious printer issuing a contents bill "WEARE ALIVE AGAIN." He subsequently apologised for the omission of the space between the "we" and the "are," but his expression of regret did not meet with the generous reception which his candour warranted. By the bye, believers in Divine justice will be glad to hear that Probert, the King's witness, was afterwards hanged for horse-stealing.

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We notice that the Nonconformists ruling Bournemouth have just fined three youths 3s. 6d. each for "Loitering outside the Primitive Methodist Church, Wimborne Road, Winton, to the annoyance of persons attending divine service." When asked for an explanation, one of these hardened ruffians replied, "We are waiting for our girls." But, surely, they should have taken warning from the once popular ditty, "Waiting at the Church."

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We are informed that since the commencement of the boilermakers' lock-out, vessels for the Navy, in all stages of construction, have stood on the stocks, exposed to the weather—with the result that some of the parts are now very badly rusted. The building of the Brazilian warship at Elswick was held up for three months owing to the carpenters' strike, and when the men returned to work it was found that many of the plates were spoilt in this way. The Brazilian inspector condemned the majority of them and personally saw that they were replaced. It is well established that once the top shell of a plate is rusted, the resistance is greatly reduced and the vessel weakened. On the Tyne there are many plates in the racks ready to go on; these also are now in bad condition, while matters are doubtless the same at Barrow and on the Clyde. Perhaps, after this reminder, the authorities will see that the spoilt plates are replaced, and not be content with the old policy of letting things slide.

If the London version of "Salome," licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, is anything like that with which Hammerstein, the impresario, has startled Chicago, the Puritans of the metropolis may prepare for a shock. It necessarily takes a good deal to raise the hair of the city which John Burns has described as Hell with the lid off, yet the Purity Society of Chicago have protested with such vigour that the Chief of Police has prohibited further performances. Hammerstein's "Salome," it seems, "is a wonderful mixture of art and indecency"—so much so that the Chief of Police described the lady in the title role as "wallowing around like a cat in a cabbage garden." On the other hand, Mr. Hammerstein admits he does not know what can be done to tone the opera to suit the Chicagoans without calling in the local barber to shave the face and cut the hair of the head on the charger. On these facts, it seems likely that Puritans on the prowl in London will have a fine time of it around Covent Garden, even without the head of John the Baptist, which it is understood the censor of the London version has strictly prohibited.

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Ratepayers of Liverpool will be interested in the spectacle of the Liverpool Corporation suing the West Derby Guardians for £3 17s. 6d., the amount in dispute between them in respect of the water rate of Luton Street Workhouse, Kirkdale. "It is purely a question of law," say the litigants; and so for £3 17s. 6d. they are at it, hammer and tongs, piling up costs for the ratepayers to pay. "It has always seemed to me a public scandal that public bodies should go to law in this way," said Mr. Peet, the magistrate of the Liverpool City Police Court. And a public scandal it undoubtedly is. If the legal officials of public bodies were acting in their own cause, instead of having the purses of the community to grab at without hindrance or restraint, they would settle their twopenny-ha'penny business disputes like business men, unless, that is, they chanced to be born asses. As it is, they go to law for a shadow, while the lawyers consume the substance. It is all very well for ratepayers to lie down and grumble, for that is easy. Better would it be for them if they were to grumble less and lash more.

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They are certain to get their Christmas beer in Stoke Workhouse, at any rate, however the inmates of other workhouses may fare. A rev. member of the Board of Guardians, who opposed this small luxury, averred "he had known of people who had had a terrible struggle owing to their taste for alcohol being revived after receiving the Sacrament." On this statement it looks as if he had a special call to lead a crusade against the Sacrament as long as it remains an unteetotal function. The extraordinary facility which your rabid aqua-puritan has for inventing or imagining object-lessons to suit the purposes of his rabidity, is unequalled by any other species of bigot alive and kicking on this earth. The only purpose for which he seems to have been provided with a tongue is to talk through his hat.

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Another mysterious disappearance. We had begun to wonder what had happened to all the expensive films of the Johnson-Jeffries fight. Had the kill-joys indeed succeeded in preventing their exhibition all over the world? No, they have turned up at last in Paris, and are arousing a great deal of interest, though the price of admission is unusually high.

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We gather from Dr. Forbes Winslow's new book, "Recollections of Forty Years," that he has a warm heart for any lady doomed for the public hangman. She should therefore send for him at once, not necessarily in confidence, but at least in hope, that he may discover she has "lunatic's ears," or some other symptomatic development indicating that she cannot possibly have been responsible for her actions.

Pulpit politics are always objectionable, but never are they more so than when veneered with the sort of humbug and insincerity which characterises a recent sermon preached by the Rev. E. Digges La Touche, at St. John's Church, Bradford. When a man gets up in a pulpit, announces as his text "The Wages of Sin is Death," and then starts consigning the Tories, or the Radicals, or the Socialists, or John Redmond to the bottomless pit, we know at least that he is not afraid to say what he thinks without making any bones about it. But that is not the way with the Rev. E. Digges La Touche. The Rev. Digges, who not long ago asserted that the King's death was a sign of God's wrath against the nation, has another way of doing things. "This is no political rostrum," he declared from his pulpit the other Sunday night, "and I would commit a great sin if I degraded the Christian pulpit by asking you to vote for or against the Government"; then straightway the holy man drags in Home Rule, and declares it would be the ruin of his race and "would involve Ireland in a most justifiable civil war," and beseeches his congregation to "pray that this great evil which threatens my nation and our Empire may be averted by a Party victory at the polls." If that is not "degrading the Christian pulpit" what is?

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The confession of Dr. Cook that he is *un menteur a triple etage*, as they say in the French, looks like another development of his commercial instincts. He has raked in all the dollars he can by his lying accounts of how he reached the North Pole, and now he is raking in all the dollars he can by telling the truth as to how he didn't. His endurance for months of privation, he says, unhinged his mind, and "it becomes a question of insanity when one finds that he cannot believe the evidence of his own eyes." By no means. We have been accused of many things, but never of insanity. For all that, nothing in this world would induce us to believe we had found the North Pole.

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When the plaintiff in the *Daily Chronicle* libel case told the court that "photography never lies"—an old story, by the way—Mr. Justice Darling cheerfully chirped his wonder why, if that were so, some of the judges had banished the camera from the Law Courts. The fiction that photography cannot lie was due to Mr. Gladstone, who based his rousing speech about the slaughter of Mitchelstown on that text, inspired by a photograph of the Irish police and military at their murderous entertainment. Not many days afterwards, in order to prove that the G.O.M. did not know what he was talking about, somebody produced and sold on the street a picture of the great man reeling out of an East End pub.—with his hat squashed on his head.

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We trust the "subordinate officer" who issued the outrageous order to the police constables on duty in the B division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police has been severely reprimanded by Mr. Birrell. Such an order would be inconceivable had its existence not been officially admitted, for it called on officers in charge of the division to bring up as defaulters constables who have not summoned or arrested anybody during the month. On the face of it, the order is a gross incitement to the police to put up false charges against citizens in order to make a record and save themselves from punishment. It is, perhaps, a question whether severe reprimanding of the author of the order is the proper way to deal with the offence.

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Information reaches us that the Hull Guardians have forbidden a widow, receiving parish, relief to spend a fortnight with one of her sons (though he contributes to her maintenance), under threat that if she does they will stop her pay. If this is true, will one or all the Guardians be pleased to explain?

Next week we shall hold our customary Political "Post Mortem" upon those members of the late Parliament who have fallen during the Election—or, at any rate, upon some of them. Our efforts in this direction were much appreciated last January. We may even have to "sit" upon ourselves! You never can tell!

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There is a Garden Village in Hull, and it has a club, and recently "the donor of the club," whose name is not given, banned this journal from its reading-room. The result is that whereas one copy used to do duty for fifty readers, fifty readers now each buy one. Three cheers for the donor!

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How careless some public men are about their spelling! We have before us a letter written by Sir John Simon during the recent election, in which he refers to a certain "pamplet"; whilst, going from the sublime to the ridiculous, our own schoolmaster opponent at South Hackney, in his election address, says "*Neither* of whom *support* Mr. Asquith's proposals." We suggest he should attend an evening continuation class.

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Further extract from report of the proceedings in the recent Stud Tramway case :—

The Judge (*to Sir John Benn*): Do you, or do you not, think that there is too much politics in the L.C.C.?

Sir John Benn: My opinion is that the Council would be a great deal better off if all politics were eliminated.

We shall soon have Sir John joining the John Bull League.

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THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

*Teetotal Lecturer*: "What was it Dives asked for when in Hell?—*Water!*—And what does that show?"

*A Voice from the Crowd*: "Shows where teetotalers go!"

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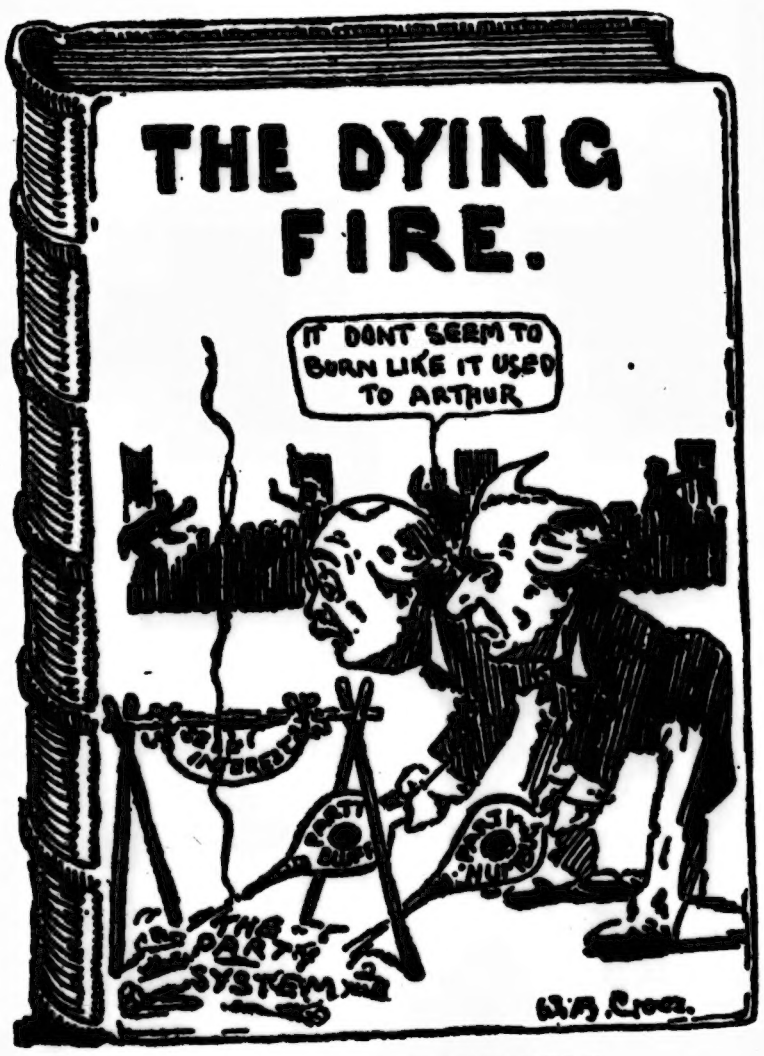


JOHN BULL'S BOOKSHELF.

# "John Bull's" Biscuits.

## NOTICES.

*AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 104," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.*

*PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."*

*BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.*

*MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.*

*LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do*

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*For advertising their goods under the heading,* "10 *Years' Wear! 12* HOURS' EASE!"
THE PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO.,
(5, Steps Road, near Glasgow)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For stating, according to the "Shields Daily News," that he "was once standing on the shores of Loch Lomond,* DRINKING IT ALL IN,"
MR. A. H. COULTER (a speaker at the Tynemouth Congregational Church Literary and Debating Society)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For stating, according to the "Daily Mail," "There is only* ONE *word, and that is, 'Come on,'"*
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

---

*For their enterprise in shouting on the morning of November 23rd, "Sudden Death of Crippen!" and thus securing large sales of the early editions of the evening papers,*
THE NEWSPAPER BOYS OF GREENOCK
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

---

*For announcing "Special Prize for the Prettiest York Factory Girl,* SET OF FALSE TEETH, *Value Five Guineas,"*
THE COMPILERS OF THE PROGRAMME OF THE YORK WORKPEOPLE'S HOSPITAL CARNIVAL
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

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*For announcing that its "*CHRISTMAS *Double Number" will be "Published Wednesday,* JANUARY 30TH,"
*THE FAMILY HERALD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

---

*For stating, in its description of a dance, that the proceedings were "got through as the sun commenced to* SET *early the following morning,"*
*THE SLIGO NATIONALIST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

---

*For stating that "The front part of the Scotch express engine was sent right* OVER *a wall twenty feet high, smashing* THROUGH *it,"*
*LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

---

*For stating that "The meal proceeded in* NOISY *silence,"*
MISS META SIMMINS (Authoress of a serial tale published in the *Daily Mirror*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For stating, apropos of Queen Boadicea, "We know not if she were a Christian, but there were Christians in Britain, one believes, in her time (59 or 60 years* BEFORE *Christ),"*
*THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON HERALD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For stating on the official programme of the meeting at Edinburgh addressed by Mr. Lloyd George, that the resolution "declares the* UNSPEAKABLE *determination of the Liberal Party not to halt in the struggle until in all Legislation the Will of the People as expressed by the House of Commons, is supreme,"*
MR. A. D. WOOD (Secretary of the Demonstration)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

# BELLE ELMORE.

## A CHARACTER STUDY.

By Adelene Harrison.

Vividly I remember my first impression of Mrs. Crippen (Belle Elmore). I was to meet her at Munyon's, in Shaftesbury Avenue, concerning the writing of a one-act opera. When I arrived she was in one of the inner rooms. Presently the green draperies parted and there entered a woman, who suggested to me a brilliant, chattering bird of gorgeous plumage. She seemed to overflow the room with her personality. Her bright, dark eyes were twinkling with the joy of life. Her vivacious rounded face, Slavonic in type, was radiant with smiles. She showed her teeth and there was a gleam of gold. She had dark hair, curled all over her head, and her plump little person was encased in a tight-fitting pair of corsets which held her voluptuous figure well in bounds. She was wearing a tight-fitting gown of black and emerald green silk gauze, mounted over glacé silk. Her voluminous under-skirts swished and rustled as she moved. A sweeping train and a smart black hat with a *panache* of magnificent plumes, together with very high heels, added to her height.

She spoke in a very high key, with a strong American intonation. I found her very sympathetic and pleasant.

"Come, sit down here," she said, waving her hand to a green lounge. "I guess we'll have a little chat right away. You know," she continued, with perfect *sangfroid* and self-assurance, "I'm going to make my *début* at the Empire, Leicester Square."

"Ah, yes!" I ejaculated. I never deem it advisable to question a startling, impracticable assertion.

"I've got a very high soprano voice and I've just written out a great idea for an operetta."

She showed me a few feeble lines of dialogue and asked me if I could add something to it, "to lengthen it." I suggested that a little plot might improve matters.

### A Spoilt Child.

She looked so joyous, so contented with life. There were disappointments to come along, but she had not tasted them yet. She showed me with pride several new diamond rings her husband had just given her, also a new jewel—"the rising sun brooch"—which was destined to play such an important part in the tragedy of her life. Her gold jewelled purse was always stuffed full of gold and banknotes, given her by her husband. Never a week passed but he gave her some handsome jewel. She was like a child with new toys. She would babble to her diamonds and kiss them. Sometimes she showed the petulance of a spoilt child who needed controlling. The Doctor was always even-tempered, serene and patient. She was just a fascinating little woman, with whims and fancies.

Then came over her a strange craze for accumulating quantities of jewels and gowns—which grew in intensity as years passed on. Every day she visited the well-known West End shops and purchased endless yards of silks, laces, satins, embroideries, etc.

She had an absorbing passion for stage life, and a fascination for the society of everyone connected with the profession. She had visions of fame. She was possessed of the soul-hunger of the modern woman for notoriety, and developed that prevalent disease, "selfitis," which if not checked, becomes chronic.

### Theatrical Ambition.

She wanted appreciation, admiration, flattery. It was pitiful at times.

Her next move was the purchase of a large stock of expensive stage gowns. She had an idea that she should be performing at the Palace, Empire, Oxford, Tivoli. She went to Hana's and had her photograph taken in every conceivable position. She did play a few weeks at the suburban halls, but the managers were of opinion that she was too weak. Night after night she would visit the various halls in town, and her one and only topic of conversation was the stage. She imagined she was the image of Marie Lloyd.

Belle Elmore, garbed in an elegant silk gown, rustling petticoats, plumed hat, and showing her little red hands covered with diamonds and dangling a jewelled gold purse filled with gold, would trip around to see the agents. Having scores of attractive photographs, expensive professional paper with her photo on it, she was successful in procuring some engagements through her own endeavours. The expenditure entailed was always far in excess of her salary.

### Domestic Economy.

In contrast to the lavish expenditure on her person, she exercised the most rigid economy in her home.

The cost of one day's purchase of finery would have been more than sufficient for the upkeep of a well-regulated household for a week. In fact, to such an extent did she carry economy that it became parsimony.

### The Hilldrop Wardrobe.

When they removed to Hilldrop Crescent, she took two of the largest bedrooms in the house for dressing-rooms in which to place a portion of her gigantic wardrobe. Her gowns, mantles, hats, furs, laces, rolls of silks and satins, unmade robes in dozens, overflowed every room.

### The Hilldrop Household.

There was no system in the household. She disliked fresh air and open windows. There was no regular household cleaning. Only when she "received" were lights seen in the hall or living rooms. They lived practically in the kitchen, which was always in a state of dirt and disorder. The basement, owing to want of ventilation, smelt earthy and unpleasant. A strange, creepy feeling always came over me when I descended; it was so dark and dreary, although it was on a level with the back garden.

I followed her into the kitchen one morning when she was busy. It was a warm, humid day, and the windows were all tightly closed. On the dresser was a heterogeneous mass, consisting of dirty crockery, edibles, collars of the Doctor's, false curls of her own, hair-pins, brushes, letters, a gold jewelled purse and other articles. The kitchener and gas stove were brown with rust and cooking stains. The table was littered with packages, saucepans, dirty knives, plates, flat-irons, a washing basin and a coffee pot. Thrown carelessly across a chair was a lovely white chiffon gown, embroidered with silk flowers and mounted over white glacé.

But when she received her friends the whole scene changed. The table in one of the reception rooms was elegantly laid with a lace-bordered table cloth, dainty serviettes, gleaming silver and expensive flowers.

### The Trouble Begins—and Ends.

Shortly after the Christmas of last year, she became greatly worried, for the Doctor revealed to her that business was bad and he was in want of funds to carry on his various enterprises. He suggested realising a portion of the stock which she had at the bank and disposing of some of her jewels. She was evidently not prepared to accede to this request. They were keeping up a brave show and trying to appear more wealthy than they really were. The world must not know. She was seized with a horrible fear of her little world, and was haunted by the thought of having to give up some of her outward glitter. Her little material soul shuddered. She forgot he was the man who had given her everything in the past. Perhaps if she had stood by and helped him she would have lulled some of the fiendish passions within him.

## A "CAPTAIN" ON THE CADGE.

### "FIRING" THE IMPERIAL SERVICE RIFLES.

A couple of weeks ago we advised a gentleman of patriotic bluff to shut up shop. We now turn our attention to one with similar motives. His name is T. E. Russell Reeves, and he poses as Captain of the Imperial Service Rifles. From a leaflet that we have before us we note that he is organiser also, and that Lord Roberts in a testimonial to the gallant "Captain" expresses warm appreciation of endeavours to train the youth of the country. The leaflet sets forth that the corps is self-supporting and self-governing, yet on the same sheet Reeves appeals for donations.

The first rule of the corps reads as follows:—"To prevent loafing and loitering about street corners and public-houses by young lads who are at the commencement of their manhood." Reeves certainly has a sense of humour, because at the time of the publication of this leaflet, the headquarters of these so-called Rifles was at the "Red Lion," Walham Green!

While at Walham Green, he rented a building from a well-known tradesman as a drill hall. When taking the premises, he described himself as a Captain in the Army, which is a "terminological inexactitude." He also—doubtless from *lapsus memoria*—said he possessed property in Cork, from which he received large ground rents.

The rent of the building was £1 a week. For a few weeks this was paid, but he then got into arrears, and eventually he and his corps were locked out. Of course, the landlord was no patriot, or he would not have acted in this manner. Being evicted, however, did not trouble the members of the corps; they climbed the rain-water pipes, and broke into the premises. They then began to smash up the place.

We have before us a list of firms to whom Reeves owes money for goods obtained for the Imperial Service Rifles, and we should strongly advise them to send the accounts along to Lord Roberts, for there is no doubt that the testimonial from the Field Marshal went a long way towards inducing the giving of credit to Reeves.

## "FOR THE SAKE OF THE CHILDREN."

### WHY THE PUBLIC SHOULD NOT SUBSCRIBE TO THE "METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION."

City offices are frequently visited by women with boxes, collecting for so-called charities, and while it is true that a portion of the money is used for the purpose for which it is bestowed, by far the greater portion goes in administrative expenses. Here is a case in point.

The Metropolitan and Provincial Association ostensibly exists for providing free meals in winter and seaside holidays in summer for poor children. Its London office is situated at 5 and 6, Clement's Inn.

Before us we have one of the leaflets it issues. On the face of it is a drawing of two little urchins, huddled together in a doorway, and underneath the mites is printed "Will you help us?" We have no doubt that this leaflet serves its purpose very well.

Now let us give some attention to the balance-sheet for the year 1909. The collections and donations amounted to £614. Against this was spent: Free meals, £138; summer outings, £10; travelling expenses of children and attendants, £44; clothing and medicine for children, £3. The balance of close upon £420 goes in salaries and expenses. The secretary's salary is £130 per annum, and the collectors' expenses for the year amounted to £152.

The "charity" appears, therefore, to be one of those which begin—and practically end—at home.

### THE WHITE STAR'S "OLYMPIC."

With reference to our comments upon the insufficient number of lifeboats to be provided for the *Olympic*, as indicated by the model now on exhibition under the Piccadilly Hotel, we are glad to be able to say that the owners have reconsidered the position, and have decided to instal four quadruple armed davits, each of which will swing four boats, making 64 lifeboats in all, and in addition there will be the present dinghies. We congratulate the owners upon this decision.

## OVERWORKED AND UNDER-PAID 'BUSMEN.

### SOME HARDSHIPS WHICH CALL FOR REMEDY.

We have had an epidemic of letters from 'busmen. Now, if men who work some fifteen or sixteen hours a day find time to write to a journal complaining of their hard lot, we know there must be something wrong.

The conductors on the London General horse 'buses work fifteen and a half hours a day, and for this they receive the magnificent sum of 5s. 6d. Odd men have to show up every morning for three hours. If a man is unlucky enough to get off on the last 'bus, it means that he works eighteen and a half hours; if he has not been with the company twelve months, his pay for this is 4s. 6d. If an odd man manages to get in three days a week he thinks himself lucky.

The motor men have to see all the motors out of the garage. This process takes from six o'clock in the morning until twelve noon. Odd men may, or they may not, get a job, but they must turn up all the same.

Some of the conductors on these motor 'buses complain that after they get in the garage they have to wait a full hour before they are allowed to pay in their day's takings. Men have been known to get in at 1 a.m., pay in by 2, then go and sleep on the warm ashes all night, so as to make sure of getting a job in the morning.

Every conductor must pay a penny a day towards the accident fund, and drivers must pay double that amount. The men are suspended for the least thing.

Twelve months ago a hundred motor 'bus drivers moved from Battersea to Dollis Hill. Now they have got orders to get to New Kent Road. If they don't, well—they can "clear."

The very latest is that the conductors are being measured for uniform, for which they will have the privilege of paying by weekly instalments of a shilling.

And still we sing the old refrain, "Britons never shall be slaves"!

## "A SKIPPER'S COMPLAINT."

### MR. DAVEY EXPLAINS.

With reference to the communication we recently published from the skipper of the three-masted schooner, *Red Rose*—describing his experiences during a gale at Salcombe Harbour, Devon, and stating that his request, in his extremity, to the owner of the large yacht *Einna* to give him a tow was disregarded—we have received letters from the owner (Mr. Richard Davey) and skipper of the *Einna*. Mr. Davey emphatically denies that assistance was refused. He says that upon being informed of the request at 9 a.m., he gave instructions to render all possible help, but it was about low tide at the time, and before there was sufficient water to proceed down the harbour the schooner had been able to take up a safe berth. Mr. Davey's skipper fully confirms this statement.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

### ALONE IN HER GREATNESS.

*Mme. Curie, discoverer (with the late M. Curie) of radium, is a candidate for the seat in the French Academy of Science formerly occupied by her husband. On account of her sex it is suggested that her candidature will not even be taken into consideration.*

Let Madame be content to wear
Her bays outside the gate;
Nor seek to join a clique whose plan,
Lauds littleness if it be man,
And then proceeds to tamely ban
A woman who is great.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*Mr. Bonar Law has come right to the front as the arch-priest of Tariff Reform.*

When Tariff Reformers a new name require,
Let them pay a compliment hearty,
To one ever ready to give them a lead,
And call it the new Bonar-party.

RICARDO.

**WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?**

See page iii. of Cover.

# CANADA'S DEATHTRAP.

## FURTHER WARNINGS TO CANADIAN EMIGRANTS.

By Louis Wain.

Canada is at this moment making every endeavour to entice young able-bodied Englishmen to her dominions; her agents are scouring the country with specious promises and glowing reports, which are attracting young men by the thousands to try their luck in her western regions, which are nothing more or less than death-traps for all but those who go out well provided for. Train-loads of raw lads, with from £10 to £100 in their pockets as their sole possession, and the barest of ordinary outfits, are being dumped into the western towns. In these towns they are compelled to stop until the snow and slush have disappeared, perhaps for a month or six weeks, or longer, the cost of living alone being six shillings a day. The majority get to the end of their resources before they can be moved to the particular claim district to which they are bound.

Once on the spot, their condition is pitiable in the extreme. Penniless, and without the means to move their small belongings, they have to scour a vast district in semi-starvation in search of work or for a likely claim. They are useless for skilled work, and so most homesteads pass them by.

### Without Work or Money.

Being far from the beaten paths of civilised life, they meet with none but their own kind, and these, too, are poverty-stricken, broken-down, young-old men, who, if they have by chance survived the terrible rigours of one winter, have come out of it only at the expense of the stamina which goes to make a strong, healthy man. Utterly incapable of helping themselves, these poor wretches just keep life together until they have tramped to a chance charitable homestead, and if they have not the strength to work they may end existence in some lonely hollow, or at best make for the nearest township, there to lounge out a wretched, broken-down life until another winter relieves them of their sufferings. In most cases their hands have been so badly frost-bitten that they are quite incapable of undertaking any strong, manual labour at all. If he is very strong and willing to learn, he may perhaps be taken on at an existing homestead temporarily as an unskilled labourer, and so get through the summer months on four shillings a day and food and lodging of the roughest possible description, but the hard work compels him to spend his money in clothes, and the winter finds him in some township without the means to take him back to the coast.

### On the Trail.

But if he can find no work on the old homesteads he must take his chance and strike one of the Indian trails—the only roads known in these tramping lake districts—and trust to luck. By chance he may happen upon a new homestead, one of the cheaply and hastily-constructed wooden shacks covered with earthen clods. It is evident that some poor creature has spent his summer in building his shack and in breaking up his 11 out of his 160 acres of land—Government requiring him to work on his claim for six months of every year for three years before it will grant him his free patent for freehold—that he has done very little towards preparing for the winter, and that he has kept alive only just so long as wood and food have lasted him, and then he has been frozen to death. Probably, as in hundreds of other cases, he has not had sufficient money to carry him through the winter, and had not the strength to walk through the snow even to the nearest homestead. The novice follows the trail again, sick at heart, and comes upon a starving wolf snarling over a few human bones—the remains of another poor wretch who has been caught in the open in a powerless state, frost-bitten and paralysed by the intensity of the bitter wind and cold. Half a mile further lies another man's horse fallen by his cart, a pile of burnt-out straw by its side—the whole of the contents of the cart in fact—the man himself having been rescued earlier. Further on still he will see a riderless bullock wagon, the team still stiff with the frost, while a mile away is a rescue party bending over the remains of the owner of the wagon. He hastens to the spot and is glad of the bit of generous relief given by these kind men, a party of one of the many good-hearted efforts made after the winter is over, to visit the novice homesteads by the more matured and wealthy pioneer settlers, whose kindly aid just saves many lives in the nick of time.

### The More "Fortunate" Ones!

Let us enter into more detail on the way the colony itself treats these raw lads. I have pictured the boy arriving in the early spring with a small sum of money. Let us take a more fortunate one, who arrives later and who has to choose a claim on this plain, build his hut for winter quarters, store it with wood and provisions for the winter, break up his eleven acres for corn, on an average sum of, say, £150. First, every bit of wood has to be brought long distances, and he has to face a conspiracy of traders, who make at least a good 200 per cent. profit on their goods. This is no lame charge; corruption is rife in the west, and officialdom is a bye-word for robbery and disgraceful cheating. If a man starts in a town to sell his goods at a reasonable profit, he sells out his first stock, but he can get no other; he will not be supplied. Thus the novice finds himself burdened at the outset by the enormous cost of everything, and all his cash goes in the necessaries to keep himself alive during the winter—preparing for the winter being the pricipal work of the year. If by great good chance he survives the first winter and is not quite derelict as the result of *ennui* and the hardships of his surroundings, his second summer is one of supreme hard labour to provide for the second spell of cold—supreme hard labour, because life itself depends upon his efforts, for the Englishman's blood is thicker the first winter and it helps him, but the second winter finds out all his weaknesses—he feels the cold more, and in consequence is in constant danger. If his money has gone, the Government does nothing to help him, and the winter finds him out cruelly. If he survives, it may be that he has to give up and lose his claim and work as a labourer on some more fortunate homestead.

### No Place for Decent Women.

This is but a page of the whole story. If the country life claims its holocaust, the town life out west is little better. Western Canada is no place for the gentlewoman. The woman population is composed largely of half-castes, of a degenerate type, often redeemed women who have been sent out by rescue societies to fall back into a worse state than they were drawn from, and the lowest class of domestic servant who, if she is at all good-looking, soon falls away into wild life, for the girls are of too low a class for most of the men to marry. The few better class women who do come out and marry, suffer, and suffer badly, from hardships which only the brawny, strong, animal type of countrywoman can stand.

There are of course many good women in the towns, but they live in the midst of temptation, and are plagued by a class of men vulgarly nicknamed "remittance men" and their hangers on. These are men who receive monthly or quarterly remittances from distant relatives abroad. They crawl about with sunken heads, aged and careworn, more often than not just out of their teens; their lairs are covered up brothels, and officialdom winks.

### The Canadian Summer.

There is the reverse of the picture, however, for the man who has money, is hardworking, industrious and patient. Such a man will pay £4 to a farmer to locate a likely-looking claim for him, he will further pay him 60 dollars, or, say, about £12 for breaking up his 28 miles of furrows, which pans out into 12 acres, or half a mile square; and seek his help to build his hut and sow his corn, whilst he himself is slaving against time to meet the winter, and beneficent Nature will do the rest magnificently for him. A man may find a hundred cosy nooks, well watered and well timbered, broken up with beautiful rock and the greenest of grass, to build a homestead upon if he cares to breed cattle; which are sold, by the bye, for £20 to £40 a team; but most men are attracted to the open country and prefer the less expensive and easier farming of the cornlands. Thus the wiseacres are declaring that the thing is being overdone, and farming, they say, will soon be in the hands of the few wealthy ones, who will squeeze the small man, and make all the profit. The German and American farmers are coming over the borders from North and South Dakota in large numbers, and bringing in improved machinery, etc., free from duty, on the ground that it has already been in use; one such machine is used as the common property of a colony of American farmers, and thus they get ahead of the struggling Englishman who is burdened with inferior machinery bought at enormous cost, and on which a heavy import duty has often been paid, and by the difficulties of getting his corn to a paying market or to the elevators.

## MAYOR AND FRONTIERSMEN.

### WANDSWORTH'S CHIEF MAGISTRATE AND HIS £30.

Our remarks apropos of the Mayor of Wandsworth and the Legion of Frontiersmen have caused some surprise. Besides the numerous letters which have reached us, we have had a personal call from Colonel Driscoll, of the London Command. He has placed at our disposal the whole of the correspondence between the Mayor and the Legion.

The position is briefly as follows: The Frontiersmen held a smoking concert, at which the Mayor attended. During the course of the evening the Mayor, in an overflow of patriotic flap-doodle, offered to equip six Frontiersmen.

The Legion is supposed to be a self-supporting body, and had it taken up a proper position the offer would have been declined with thanks, but the Mayor is now asked for a sum of money which he will not pay.

The amount originally demanded by the Legion was £30—£5 a man. As neither soldier nor Chief Magistrate can agree as to the proper sum, let us suggest arbitration. The Chief Chaplain of the Legion writes us as follows:—

> I was present at the concert, but cannot at the moment remember the actual guarantee made, or the conditions. Certainly I agree it was not the amount of £30.

This seems to us to be conclusive. We take it, that the Chaplain's evidence, on top of that already quoted in these columns, clearly shows that the Legion had no right whatever to ask the Mayor for £30.

Meantime, we understand that there is a strong feeling among the men that it would be to the advantage of the Legion were Sir Wm. Serjeant—to whom also exception is taken on the ground that his election to the Chief Command did not properly reflect the wishes of the members—to cease to act as Commandant General.

Cadging is contagious, and we have not the slightest doubt that with a new Commander the Legion will revert to its old system of being self-supporting. By-the-bye, what a lively general meeting there was in the Temple last week. And what a pity Sir William could not attend "through illness." But he had his revenge. He promoted one of his particular chums Major.

### GLASGOW TRAMWAYS INSURANCE.

With reference to our paragraph upon "The Glasgow Tramways and Insurance Risks," which appeared in our issue of November 19th, in which we said that two Directors of the Empire Guarantee and Insurance Co., Ltd., were on the Tramways Committee of the Glasgow Corporation at the time when the Tramways' policy was taken out with the Empire Guarantee, and must have known the exact financial position of the Insurance Company, both these gentlemen have written to us to say that we are misinformed. Mr. Cleland says he retired from the Corporation in October, 1907, and Mr. Anderson that he was not a member of the Tramways Committee. We of course accept these statements without reserve, and much regret that we were misled.

## EX-MEMBERS WHO WILL NOT BE MISSED.

THE TERRACE LOUNGER.

## YET ANOTHER LUNACY SCANDAL.

### RELEASED BY A SANE MAGISTRATE.

The latest illustration is that of Mr. William Lawrence, of 63, Rosebery Avenue, Windsor Park Estate, Tottenham. Mr. Lawrence is typist and shorthand clerk in the employment of Messrs. Duncan Tucker and Son, Timber Merchants, of South Tottenham. He has been in their service for three years and has an excellent character from them. On the night of Saturday, Nov. 5th, he went to bed about 11 o'clock, his wife saying that she would not be long before joining him. About 2 a.m. he woke up and found that she was missing, and looking into the baby's bed discovered the child was missing also. On going to the door he found that it was locked. After a time he contrived to break it open and proceeded downstairs, but could find no trace of his wife. He heard voices at the gate, and upon opening the door found his wife and baby with two policemen. We should perhaps say here that his wife had been under the doctor for some time, suffering from what he described as "next door to a nervousb reakdown." The woman told the policemen that her husband had been behaving like a madman, when, as a matter of fact, he had been sound asleep. One of the policemen told him that his wife was not at all well, and that he had better look after her. The two officers then left.

The next morning, the relieving officer of the district, Mr. A. J. Wrampling, called and told Mr. Lawrence that he must come with him to Edmonton Union Infirmary. Mr. Lawrence protested that he was as sane as the relieving officer himself, but two policemen were called in and he was taken to the infirmary, where he was put in a bath and then to bed. This was on Sunday afternoon. On the following Tuesday a Justice of the Peace came to see Lawrence, and being himself a sane man, saw at once that he ought to be released, with the result that he was set at liberty on the Tuesday evening. We should add that Messrs. Duncan Tucker and Son had taken the matter up, and vigorously protested against the incarceration of their servant, and immediately upon his release Mr. Lawrence returned to his duties with them.

What is to be said of this sort of thing? Here is a perfectly sane man, of good record, who, upon the mere statement of his wife, who is suffering according to the doctor from "something next door to nervous breakdown," is haled off to the infirmary, and kept there as a lunatic for two days, until, fortunately, he is seen by a sensible magistrate, who does his duty and releases him. Is there no compensation to be paid to men who are treated in this way by parochial authorities who appear incapable of exercising with discretion and good sense the powers given to them by a most dangerous Act?

# Our Christmas Dinner to the Poor.

## HELP AND HELPERS WANTED.

*The following announcement appears in "JOHN AND MARY," the Christmas number of "JOHN BULL" and "MRS. BULL," and we appeal to our readers for their help and their co-operation. The exact date of the dinner is not yet fixed, but will be announced in our next issue. All sums sent us will be duly and gratefully acknowledged, and we shall equally appreciate gifts of clothing and toys.*

We propose to entertain a thousand poor parents, AND THEIR CHILDREN, at a big Christmas Dinner, and, after dinner, to distribute boots and clothing amongst them. It will cost a bit of money and involve a lot of work—but, IF YOU WILL HELP US, we will do it, and do it well. We will give them such a time as they have never dreamt of—or, at any rate, as they have ONLY dreamt of; and, after dinner, there shall be sweets and oranges and toys for the kiddies, and a Punch and Judy Show and all sorts of fun. What a day it will be. All details will be announced in "JOHN BULL" and "MRS. BULL" between now and Christmas, but, in the meantime, it is your money, and your clothes, and your boots, and your toys, and your HELP we want. They will take a lot of looking after, that strange and motley company, you know; so, if you cannot send us anything, you CAN offer to come and help to serve and to distribute the clothing and the presents, can't you? Come along, then, with your names and addresses, your money and your parcels, and watch our two Journals for all further particulars.

## THE GOOD MAN'S SHOCK.

By George Bruce.

The good man was dying. It was not his fault; he had no desire to die. His sojourn upon this terrestrial sphere had been a most delightful experience. His lines had fallen in pleasant places. From the very first moment of his existence he had been surrounded by the luxury of wealth, the comfort of opulence. Riches had been his heritage. He had not abused the gifts a beneficent Providence had showered upon him. Far from it. The heart of the philanthropist had been planted in his breast, and he had obeyed its generous promptings with religious exactitude. Thoroughly unselfish, humane almost to a fault, regarding every man and woman—whatever their station—as something akin to himself, and keenly sympathising with those unfortunate creatures who were suffering the ban of affliction, he was never so happy as when he was alleviating the sorrow-stricken or helping the distressed.

As a boy, he had been remarkable for his noble instincts and lofty ideals. His mother had been a deeply religious woman, earnest and God-fearing; his father had been a man of rigid morality and unimpeachable integrity and truth. The superb qualities that had distinguished the parents were reflected in the son. He had grown up a credit to his progenitors and an honour to himself. A lie had never sullied his lips; a dishonourable action had never soiled his hands. His one aim had been to lead a true, pure life; to emulate One who had sacrificed His life for the redemption of mankind.

And now he was dying.

The doctor and clergyman sat one at each side of the bed. The housekeeper stood at the end, her arms, folded in her apron, resting on the rail. The three pairs of eyes were fixed upon that pallid countenance.

Suddenly they observed a change pass over the dying man's face. His eyes opened, he half raised his head from the pillow; gave a startled, wondering look about him, his fingers ceased picking at the coverlet.

The good man was dead.

* * * * * *

When the soul of the good man found itself free from its earthly bondage, it hovered for a brief space above the senseless lump of clay it had for so many years occupied. With its separation from the flesh, new and wonderful powers came to it. It could see into the hearts of the living and read their most inward thoughts.

The thought of the clergyman was, as he gazed down upon the dead: "How much has he left to the Church?"

The thought of the doctor, as he pressed down the lids on the glazing eyes: "I hope he has bequeathed a good round sum to my hospital."

The thought of the faithful servant who had loved him so well: "Good-bye, dear master. May God reward you above for the good you have done."

The soul of the good man yearned to whisper some word of comfort into the ear of the grief-stricken woman, but a strange dark Shape suddenly intervened between it and the poor weeping creature.

"Come," said the Shape sternly; and as it spoke it gathered the emancipated soul into its shadowy arms.

Then the Soul of the good man was carried by this nameless, indefinable something through an immensity of space. All around was darkness, indescribable and terrible—such darkness that mortal eyes had never seen.

"Where am I?" the Soul asked; "and what is that?"—and it pointed to a gate.

"You are outside Heaven," said the Shape, "and that is the gate through which you must enter. I must leave you here. There are other Souls waiting." As it spoke, the Shape knocked gently at the gate. Instantly it was opened, and an angel in spotless robes stood revealed.

"Farewell," said the Shape, and then it seemed to resolve itself into a cloud and floated away. Dazed, the Soul of the good man looked at the radiant figure who had opened the golden gates.

"What is your name?" said the glorious vision.

The Soul tremblingly pronounced it.

"Enter," he said; "be not afraid. I am Saint Peter."

"And this is Paradise?" the Soul whispered.

"Yes, this is Paradise," answered Saint Peter.

"I am afraid, however," he went on, "you will meet a few Souls whom you might not quite approve."

The Soul looked questioningly at Saint Peter.

"You see," the Saint answered, "we have the Souls of certain persons up here who, during their temporary sojourn upon the earth, were injudicious enough to commit certain acts of indiscretion. It was very reprehensible upon their part, I'll admit—to call their misdeeds by no stronger title—very reprehensible indeed. But, happily for them, they saw the folly of their ways, repented, and—and well, here they are. If they had not reformed they would have gone to the other place. But, of course, we could not refuse them admittance after they had repented. I thought it best to inform you of this. You will be constantly in their company, but, by being forewarned, your susceptibilities will not be quite so shocked when you are brought into contact with them and are made acquainted with their antecedents. There are no secrets up here."

"Of course not," said the Soul of the good man.

Suddenly the strains of sweetest music, mingled with the sound of voices singing, came floating towards them.

"They are singing a hymn of welcome," said Saint Peter.

Then came from all quarters bands of white-robed angels, with golden wings upon their backs, and carrying golden harps in their hands. When they saw the soul of the good man they smiled upon it, a glad, sweet smile of welcome. Then, singing and playing, they passed on. How happy they looked—peacefully, serenely happy. The Soul of the good man, remembering what Saint Peter had said, allowed curiosity to get the better of its manners. It questioned Saint Peter as to who such and such an angel had been in its earthly condition.

"That," said Saint Peter, speaking with evident reluctance, "was the notorious wife-killer. She"—pointing to another angel—"was the lady who poisoned her three husbands. *He* was the well-known murderer and burglar. *He* killed his father and mother with a chopper because they would not give him money for beer. *She*"—indicating a particularly happy-looking angel, "was the famous baby-farmer. She stands unparalleled in the annals of crime. She managed to end the lives of seven hundred——"

"Stop!" cried the Soul of the good man. "And are they permitted to dwell here?"

"Oh, yes," said Saint Peter. "But don't look so horrified; you will get used to them by-and-bye. You know Heaven is free to all who repent. You have said so yourself. I have heard you. We hear everything up here."

"Where are the Souls of those unfortunate creatures who have suffered at the hands of these repentant ones?"

Saint Peter looked slightly embarrassed.

"Well, you see," he said, after a moment's pause, "they have gone to the other place."

"The other place?"

"Down below," said Saint Peter. "We never mention its name here. It wouldn't do, you know."

"But why have they gone there?" persisted the Soul.

"Well, they didn't seem to care about remaining in the company of those who had hastened their departure from earth. Did not think they would be happy, you know. And any Soul who is dissatisfied with Heaven is compelled to leave it. And the other place is where we send them. There is nowhere else for them to go."

"But there are some Souls up here whose earthly careers have been blameless?"

"I regret to say," answered Saint Peter, "that there are very few, and I believe they are seriously contemplating a change of abode. The fashion of murderers, etc., repenting at the eleventh hour is on the increase."

The Soul of the good man shivered. It seemed to be revolving some important question.

Saint Peter, who was watching it, knew by intuition what the question was.

"Pause well before you decide," he said. "There is no return."

"I cannot stay here," said the Soul of the good man. "My life has been pure; faithfully and well I have tried to do my duty. I would sooner go below than be forced to be for ever in the company of converted criminals, men and women who have been guilty of the foulest crimes."

"There is no return," said Saint Peter again.

"I cannot help it. I am resolved. Let me go. I should not be happy here amongst a crowd like that."

Saint Peter sighed deeply, but he had to obey. He led the Soul of the good man back to the golden gates, which he slowly opened.

"It is not yet too late," he whispered.

"Farewell!" said the Soul of the good man, as it passed out of "Paradise"!

# A Challenge to the Cambridge University Press!

## A Referendum to JOHN BULL Readers— Which is Really the Best Encyclopædia?

On Monday, November 28th, we sent a letter under registered post to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, issuing a definite challenge to them. This letter read as follows:—

Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C.
Nov. 28, 1910.

Messrs. the Cambridge University Press,
Fetter Lane, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—We note that you are now issuing the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and that you are making vague claims as to its being the best Encyclopædia in the language.

Being a public body, we presume that you are concerned with supplying the best things to the public without consideration as to the amount of profit to yourselves.

Therefore, as the publishers of the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia," we submit that for 90 per cent. of the probable buyers of an Encyclopædia, "Chambers' Encyclopædia" is, from an all-round point of view, incomparably the best.

And we challenge you to submit the two—"The Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia"—for judgment as to their value to an independent committee, formed of men such as Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Sir Frederick Treves, the Bishop of London, the President of the Incorporated Law Society, and the President of the Society of Chartered Accountants, or any other names that you may suggest. If this representative committee does not decide that, judged by

(*a*) the relative prices of the works,
(*b*) The weight of authority attaching to their respective contributors, and (*c*) the relative quality, usefulness and conciseness of the articles,

the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia" is the best Encyclopædia for 90 men out of 100, we will pay the sum of £200 to the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

Thanking you for an early reply, we are, yours faithfully,
For the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
(Signed) J. S. MALCOLM,
Director.

To this we have had nothing but a bare acknowledgment of its receipt. Our challenge is completely ignored. Can it be because the Cambridge University Press fear the result? Because they themselves know that for ninety men out of one hundred the "Illustrated Chambers'" is the best Encyclopædia on the market, although it costs only one-fourth the price of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

### Who will be on the Jury?

As the Cambridge University Press will not accept our challenge, we wish to make another attempt to get the question settled. We want John Bullites to form a jury themselves. We want you to help decide this question, to sit on the jury yourself and to say which Encyclopædia is really the best worth buying. After all, John Bullites in their thousands will form a more reliable jury than a few selected specialists.

So will every reader of JOHN BULL who is willing to judge on this question please send us his name and address on this form, or on a postcard, so that we may send him full particulars and an interesting book telling all about the "Illustrated Chambers'." It will be sent you without any expense or obligation, and please do not send any money for postage.

### What Great Men Say.

We have already received—in fact are receiving every day—letters from well-known men which will help you in deciding this point. For instance, would you not place reliance in a committee composed of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Lord Curzon, and Earl Roberts? Listen then to their verdict on "Chambers'":

The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith WRITES ON OCTOBER 17TH, 1910:—

"It is a work of the utmost value."

Lord Curzon of Kedleston WRITES ON OCTOBER 18TH, 1910:—

"I have always regarded 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' as the most concise, scholarly and useful compendium of universal knowledge anywhere to be found within a similar compass."

The Right Hon. R. B. Haldane WRITES ON OCTOBER 20TH 1910:—

"I have known 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' for many years, and have found it a very valuable book of reference. I shall rely on this new edition as a very comprehensive collection of knowledge, brought together in a most convenient form for reference, and hope to use it almost daily."

Earl Roberts WRITES ON OCTOBER 24TH, 1910:—

"As a work of reference 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' is quite invaluable, and I am very glad to possess it."

So far we have said nothing of how much an Encyclopædia like "Chambers'" can help you. Perhaps we do not need to, perhaps you realise yourself that you cannot in the words of Lord Morley, "take up a single copy of a newspaper and not come upon something in it upon which you would consult an Encyclopædia of reference." Do you realise that? Do you realise, also, if you have children that they will grow up better informed and better educated if they have the "Illustrated Chambers'" to go to for information?

We want to urge you to take advantage of this offer of the *Free Book* if there is even the smallest possibility of your buying an Encyclopædia. For we do not want you to buy another, and then have to regret not having first seen the "Illustrated Chambers'." It does not matter whether you want an Encyclopædia now, or might possibly want one in a year's time. Send for the *free book* to-day.

## A FREE BOOK

This coupon will bring you, post free, a handsomely illustrated book, telling all about the latest edition of the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia," including particulars of the exceptional terms whereby it is delivered, carriage paid, on a first payment of 2s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Kindly send me free of any charge or obligation your book on the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia."

NAME .....
(Send this form or a postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.)

ADDRESS .....
.....

## "ALL WAS SAFELY GATHERED IN."

### RELIGION, BETTING, MANLINESS AND THE UNCO' GUID.

BY REV. F. S. WILLOUGHBY.

The clergy of St. John's, Stockton-on-Tees, do not deserve the compliment of JOHN BULL for being "endued with unusual gifts of humour." For all that, they enjoyed immensely the cleverness and racy wit of the menu card to which it so kindly and courteously refers.

The giver of the Metropole choir feast and the writer of the facetious comments on his various guests was a *confrere* of your own in the great world of journalism, who specialises in the hunting and sporting line. He keeps horses, runs horses, and oftentimes rides them himself. Rumour hath it that the various stern treatments to which he resorted the other day in order to steeplechase at Picton did not succeed in bringing the weight down to the required proportion—although at one festal board he did refuse chicken-pie, and trifle, and other good things. For all I know, or care, he may put a bit on horses at times. Yes; he may risk a little in the betting ring! Yet, I would venture to say of him this, that whatever he does, whether in his stables, with his stable hands, on the turf, or with his betting agents, he does it all like he fulfils his religious duties and privileges—it is all, every inch of it, clean, straight, manly, and above-board.

Folk of the unco' guid variety often go for me—and I rather guess this is the reason why the said card was sent to you—for allowing such a good old "sport" to train our choir boys, to teach them to go straight on the lines of the Catholic Faith, to befriend them with time and purse in seasons of pleasure and sickness, to read lessons in Church, and to do a thousand and one things to help us clergy in our work, the like of which I have yet in 23 years' experience to find his superior for, either in zeal, generosity, or absolute dependability.

I ask such folk once again to answer a question they never will sit down and tackle fairly and squarely—one on which they only parrot, year in and year out, the old grandmotherly conventionalities which are out-worn, nugatory, and absolutely off the map. Will they tell me where the difference comes in, as far as morality or the reverse is concerned, between putting a bit on a horse and having a flutter in bonds and such like things in the stock and share market? We all know sad cases of failure in each of these two forms of so-called betting and gambling. Many risk who can't afford it. That is well-known. Why shouldn't my friend and valued helper risk his money on a horse with as much right as the Deacon in the front pew of the Chapel breathlessly awaits the evening paper to see how his speculations in the money world are getting on? Will these goody-goody folk tell us ignoramuses the subtle distinctions herein involved, according to what they say?

You and your good partner, *Mrs. Bull*, whom we all heartily welcome amongst us, exist to expose these empty shams of modern-day conventionality. I am so pestered with anonymous letters about my friend's racing and hunting proclivities combined with a splendid zeal for religion, that I take this opportunity of airing my grievance, if you will kindly allow me to do so.

How am I to tackle the men and lads in my back streets who come in for much of this canting opprobrium for putting a bit on their pigeons, when those who bid me denounce them body and soul devour the money article in their newspaper before aught else in the day's work, and risk money on what is far from being so certain and sure as the flight of Mike's pigeon or Muncaster's horse?

Crude conventionality is a festering anachronism. Nowhere do we see its utter hypocrisy unmasked so much as in its dealings with the pleasures and amusements of mankind. It seems to me, if men bet straight, or invest (that is the word that covers a multitude of alleged and trumped-up sins, when its synonym "bet" is not used) fairly and squarely—and are careful to do either with what is their own, and within their means—that personal liberty without hypocritical malediction, real, or assumed for the occasion, should rule on "bet" no less than on "invest." After all, they are one and the same, are they not? I shall think so, till I see the reverse proved much more clearly, after a fairly wide range of study and experience, than I have found it yet.

## HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXIX.

### A SAD CASE FROM FULHAM.

The following statements of fact have been fully verified, and we shall be pleased to forward any donations from charitable readers:—

Mr. Bowles, of 17, Glenrosa Street, Fulham, was for some years a 'bus conductor in the employ of the London General Omnibus Company, and bears an exemplary character. Owing to gastric ulcers he was compelled to give up that work. He was subsequently given employment by the company in their building. This he followed until, meeting with a bad accident, he was again unable to work. He has since been in hospital, and was discharged as a hopeless case, having undergone an operation for tumour in the throat. This necessitates a diet of brandy, eggs and milk, administered through a tube in his side.

For 18 months he has done no work, and is now absolutely destitute. Added to his suffering is the knowledge of the utter helplessness of his wife and four children, whose existence is entirely dependent upon the assistance which is occasionally rendered by a few friends. The diet ordered is an expensive one, and the wife, a dressmaker, is so worn out and in such poor health as to be quite incapable of even manipulating her sewing machine. She cannot, therefore, provide her husband's nourishment except through the little gifts from her friends, upon whom she even has to rely for fuel for the fire.

The only child old enough to work is earning barely sufficient to provide for the rent.

We have received, and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the Human Documents named:—

CXIV.—A. E. P., 3s.

CXVII.—C. E. D., 2s.

CXVIII.—J. J. J., 2s. 6d.; E. O., 2s.; "Mizpah Gospel Mission," Southsea, 2s. 6d.; Teachers at Gayhurst Road (Hackney) L.C.C. School, 10s.; "Anon," £1 1s.; H. P., 2s. 6d.; "Honest Freemason," 5s.; G. H. B., 2s. 6d.; C. M., 1s.; K. H., 1s.; "Catholic School Teacher," 5s.; Z., 2s. 6d.; "Teacher's Daughter," 2s.; M. E. S., 5s.; "Tom," 1s.; "Sympathy," 1s.; "Bob," 1s.

## THE REFERENDUM.

*A New Song to an Old Tune. Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me."*

BY RICHARD MORTON.

Some bright ideas brave Arthur has,
  Praised be the Fates that send 'em;
His latest is top-notch of all,
  'Tis called the Referendum.
When asked about the House of Lords,
  And should we mend or end 'em?
You simply have to make a cross,
  And vote by Referendum.

Shall we put taxes on the goods
  Of foreigners who send 'em?
Is one more question that we must
  Submit to Referendum.
The people have few coins to spare,
  They look before they spend 'em;
Tariff Reform must toe the line
  And bow to Referendum.

The ladies, too, might take the tip,
  For much relief 'twould lend 'em
If they would wear what's popular—
  Decreed by Referendum.
Their limbs just now are fettered so
  That they can scarcely bend 'em,
But the hobble skirt would soon be doomed—
  Condemned by Referendum.

Should women have the vote or not?
  Shall tyrant man befriend 'em
By yielding that for which they ask,
  By means of Referendum?
Shall women stay in servitude
  Where we for ages penned 'em,
Or will the joy of Suffragettes
  Arrive *per* Referendum?

Oh, let us all our voices raise—
  In one thanksgiving blend 'em!
No more shall we fall out and fight,
  Thanks to the Referendum.
We bear the marks of party strife,
  But now we're going to end 'em,
We'll place our mark upon a card,
  And cheer for Referendum!

# *Messrs. Lawrence & Jellicoe Ltd.*

announce the publication, by arrangement with Messrs. John Walker & Sons, Limited, of a Series of Eight of the famous Sporting Prints drawn for Messrs. Walker by the late

*TOM BROWNE, R.I.*

¶ This series, comprising the artist's most popular drawings, and representative of his latest and best work, includes the last drawing completed by him, and is reproduced most artistically in Colour by a special process, faithfully exhibiting the atmosphere of an 1820 hand-print.

SERIES OF SPORTING PRINTS.

¶ The Publishers venture to think that the set will form one of the most attractive series of Sporting Prints ever issued, while to admirers of the late Tom Browne they form a unique souvenir.

¶ The Prints are of uniform size (11 in. by 14½ in.), suitable for framing, and carry no suggestion of advertising. They need only to be seen to be appreciated by all lovers of Old Prints and to be desired by every lover of British Sport.

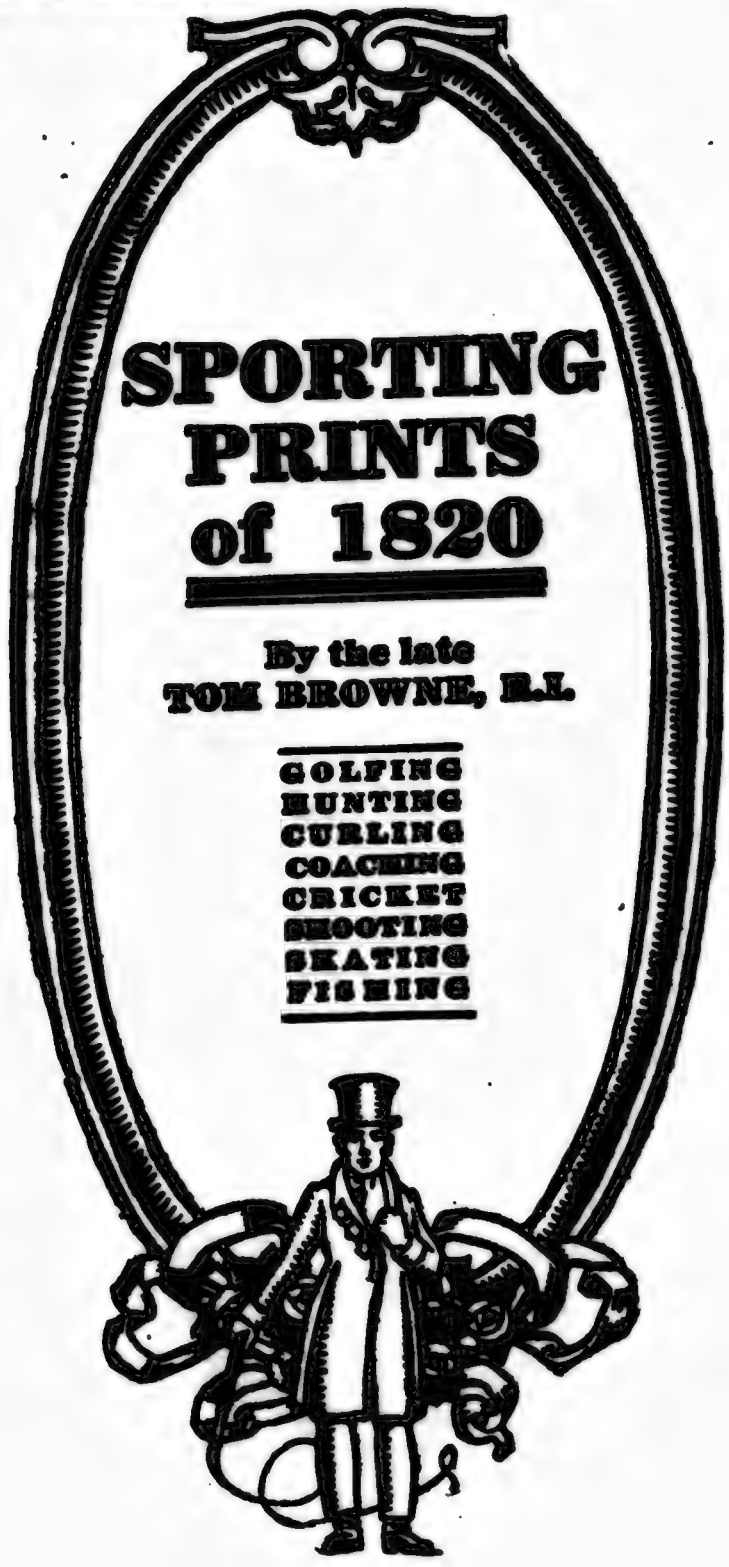
¶ To be had of all print-sellers at 3/6 each or 24/- for the set of eight: or direct from the publishers. Appropriate framings, designed especially for these prints, may also be seen at the print-sellers'.

*LAWRENCE & JELLICOE, Ltd.,*
34, *Henrietta Street,*
*Covent Garden, London, W.C.*

**A most acceptable and appropriate CHRISTMAS GIFT**

This series of Old Prints makes an ideal present, and is especially suitable for the Billiard Room, Smoking Room, Golf Club; also Shooting Boxes, Bachelor's Dens, Officer's Quarters, etc.

**A Free Booklet, showing miniature reproductions in Colour of the entire series, will be posted anywhere on request. Send for it.**



# THE STRANGE CASE OF SIR BENJAMIN BLATHERBY, BART.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE ELECTION.

By Charles Stokes.

"Hallo, is that Blatherby?"

"Yes."

"I'm Wumplesby, of the Antique Tory Association. Are you doing anything to-night? Well, do you think you could go down to Slocum and address a meeting in support of a man we are putting up?"

"I could, but at great inconvenience."

"It's for England's good, you know, and you must sacrifice personal consideration at a time like this. All for the benefit of posterity, you know . . . yes, of course, the land clauses *will* hit us, heavily."

"Well, since it's for England——"

"Thanks, very much. F. E. was going, but has cancelled at the last moment."

"Where is Slocum, anyway?"

"It's only about ninety miles, and there's a train leaving in twenty-five minutes. You could get a very comfortable dinner on board. And, naturally, it is not our Association's policy to forget our workers."

"I know that, Wumplesby. I'll go."

"I've forgotten the address of the hall, but will wire the chairman to expect you. And, I say, Blatherby, you know the kind of thing that goes down with rural audiences."

"Flattery, you mean—of themselves and of their candidate."

"Yes, the stock article. And run down the other side for all you're worth. Bring in plenty of personal interest—children and wives, and so on. Work the Empire dodge for all you're worth, and there should be a romping victory. So long."

* * * * * *

Owing to a slight touch of fog on the line the Slocum train, which conveyed, amongst others, Sir Benjamin Blatherby, was fifty minutes late, so that when the distinguished baronet eventually arrived the person who was to have met him had gone. Still, the meeting was sure to have been widely advertised, and there should be no difficulty in locating it. Sir Benjamin was about to make enquiries when a flaming blue placard caught his eye. "Tonight"—"in the Assembly Rooms"; thither he hurried.

Explaining to a steward that he was the speaker, he was straightway conducted round by the back, through a swing door, and on to the platform. Directly he entered a terrific burst of cheering came, which he acknowledged with a conciliating smile. He also shook hands with the chairman and the candidate—the recognised thing to do. The candidate, a tired-looking individual in a greasy frock-coat, was finishing his speech, and after a windy peroration, sat down. Sir Benjamin was just thinking it was a good attempt for Slocum, although somewhat moderate, when he heard himself called upon. This was unexpected, but he faced it. Rising, he bowed to the crowded and enthusiastic audience, wiped his pince-nez slowly, and began:

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I will not take up your valuable time by more than a brief apology for my late appearance, which was unavoidable. I need hardly say how much sincere pleasure it gives me to have a long-awaited opportunity of addressing so representative, so intelligent, and so truth-seeking an audience (*cheers*), especially when your selection for the onerous duty of Parliamentary candidate is a man so well-known, and respected, not only locally, but nationally and Imperially as Mr.—as Mr.——"

("Walker," whispered the chairman.)

"As my old friend, Mr. Walker. A better man you could not possibly have if you searched the entire globe. (*Applause.*) I feel much flattered at being able to stand on the same platform with him. His attitude towards the great questions confronting the electors of this country at this momentous hour is that of every man who thinks for himself. You, gentlemen, who know him less than I do, are perhaps not aware of the deep consideration he has always given to the views he so ably expresses. By sending him to Parliament you will achieve a duty for which the Empire will never be sufficiently grateful. To be a voter of Slocum is a particularly happy position in this great national crisis, when an honest man is so urgently needed. We have one in Mr. —ch—one here who will have behind him the force of your sober convictions. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I congratulate you."

A shrill voice demanded here whether he was in favour of extending the franchise to women, and during the commotion incidental to silencing it he glanced rapidly at the notes he had made coming down.

"I should like to deal," he resumed, "with the specious fallacies by which Mr.—er—er——"

("Rodents.")

"Mr. Rodents tries to beguile you, were it not that the contradictions he utters knock the bottom out of his own false logic. But in the party which Mr. Rodents represents consistency is not a strong point. (*Laughter.*) Ah, you smile, but this is a serious matter. What would you say to a business man who said one thing one day and another the next? Of all the dastardly lies known to history, knowingly concocted and glittering with meretricious sophisms, I think the propaganda preached by our opponents the basest. It is a gigantic fraud from its sloppy beginning to its puling end. (*Sensation.*) The whole fabric is a mass of trumpery untruth, the whole campaign a debauch of calumny. (*Hear, hear.*) And then they have the gross impertinence to ask for your support! Gentlemen, I know you as intelligent, able to discern true from false: who is a better judge of that than I? There are some things, technical and legal, which may safely be left, as too intricate for you or me to grasp without explanation, to our brilliant men to tackle, but we *can* differentiate between what are genuine proposals, put forth in a genuine public-minded spirit, and the shams openly paraded by office seekers and parasites. These enemies of their country's welfare stand forth and say 'Lo, I am a prophet! Elect me!' What an insult to you! The gross inaccuracy and cheap-jackery of it all is disgusting. Your own little children, knowing neither politics nor logic, could confute Mr. Rodents and his confederates. It needs little brains and little discernment to see where our friends (*laughter*) are trying to gull you. But they won't! (*Loud and prolonged applause.*) We are tired of this foolery.

"Finally, gentlemen, I would like to emphasise the importance of your going to the polls. It is essential that every man who has the vote should use it. (*Hear, hear.*) The great issues of the combat have been clearly outlined by Mr.—er—Walker; it is for you to endorse them. It is for you to say whether Great Britain, the motherland of the Empire, the home throughout the ages of progress and independence, is to be ruled by the people or by conspirators. (*Cheers.*) By Conspirators or by Commonsense—there you are. (*Laughter.*) I feel sure you will return Mr. Walker with a majority so overwhelming that it shall shiver the last lingering hopes of the skulking scoundrels who already see their patched-up claptrap doomed. (*Loud cries: "We will!"*) Every vote given to Mr. Walker is a vote for national greatness. Every vote given to Mr. Rodents is a vote for reaction and revolution. Let me assure you that it is not merely England who waits your verdict, it is not merely the year 1910 for which you vote. When the historian of this century shall write of this great conflict, what shall he say? He will say that Slocum sent such an emphatic message to Parliament as never was known before! (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, the eyes of Europe, nay, of the world, are upon you! Do then your duty, and guarantee the prosperous future of the Empire by returning Mr. Walker."

Then Sir Benjamin hurried off to catch his train back.

* * * * * *

At the Club again. "How did you get on last night?"

"Tremendous reception—triumph for our cause."

"Er—I suppose you didn't notice anything peculiar?"

"No. They were very appreciative. Why?"

"Well, it seems that somehow you addressed a red-hot Radical meeting."

"What!! I went where our blue poster said the meeting was to be held!"

"Oh, you juggins! Didn't you know that in the country the Party colours are reversed?"

"My dear Wumplesby, I'm *so* sorry. Why, I delivered an ultra-Tory speech, with plenty of invective and soft-soap, and heaps of flag-wagging and Empire."

"Unfortunately that kind of speech fits both sides when you substitute the other chap's name. I congratulate you, Blatherby, especially as our Slocum correspondent tells me that Walker is likely to get in as a result of your eloquence."

"But, I say, Wumplesby, it was your mistake to begin with——" but the baronet's angry friend had rung off.

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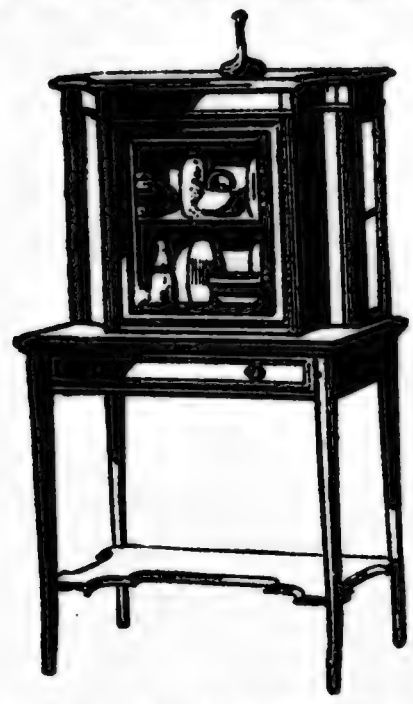

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## THE DOMESTIC SERVANT AND THE AFGHAN.

### CARRYING THE RACE PREJUDICE TOO FAR.

We have had a visit from Miss Elizabeth Wolsey, who complains of the treatment she received when in Australia. Miss Wolsey, who is a domestic servant, went out to Australia a few months ago to better her position, having obtained an assisted passage from the Government of the Commonwealth. Soon after arriving at Perth, and by means of the Emigration Home, she obtained a situation, where she was very comfortable. Whilst there she became acquainted with an Afghan, who carried on business as a horse dealer, and a rumour got about that she was engaged to him. This caused a considerable sensation, and a clergyman named Snell, wrote to the girl's mother from Wesley Manse, Hay Street, Perth. We give below an extract from his letter:—

> Your daughter, Elizabeth Wolsey, has contracted a matrimonial engagement, I very much regret to say, with an Afghan, and we are doing our best to dissuade her from carrying it out, but without success. She has, however, told me that she will not marry the man until you give permission, or express your approval. It is not an easy thing to convey to you an idea of the case as it is viewed here. The Afghans generally are a low inferior lot in this country, and they are practically ostracised from the white community. Your daughter, if she marries this man, will be placed in the same category. The man is a Mohammedan, and he proposes taking your daughter to Afghanistan. The Magistrate here has taken steps to remove your daughter from all contact with this man, and has been actuated throughout with most humane feelings. If you value your daughter's life and happiness, you will strongly and emphatically disapprove of this alliance, and persuade your daughter to abandon all relations with the alien. I am a clergyman, as you will observe, and an Englishman, and I have tried to warn your daughter, pointing out the folly of it all. My opinion is that she had better return to England, as if she remains here, even though she renounced the Afghan, it would be unpleasant for her.

Meantime the police had been in communication with the girl, and told her she must leave the service which she was in. She refused. They then went away and returned soon afterwards with a warrant, on the ground that she had no visible means of support, although as a matter of fact she was in service, earning good wages. After a time they sent her to a Salvation Army Home, where she was detained six weeks. What followed shall be told in her own words:—

> When I had been there six weeks, one of the detectives came and showed me a list of four or five places I could choose from, and I chose one at 10s. a week, 120 miles from Perth. I was then taken by one of the Salvation Army officers to the station, who put me in the train, and I stayed at that place six weeks (it was an Inspector of the Police's house). Then the Government sent a letter to the Inspector to say that they had decided to send me home. This they have done, and if I am no better off in pocket, I am in experience. But I want this published so that other girls may know that the wages that are offered to intending emigrants are hardly ever given, and if they happen to get into any dark people's houses, no matter how well they are treated, or how well they are paid, or comfortable they are, to get out as soon as possible, or they will invent some excuse or other and fetch them and lock them up, and feed them on prison diet, and tell them plenty of lies.

Without endorsing everything Miss Wolsey says, it is really indefensible that a girl should be hunted out of the country because she was supposed to have become engaged to a respectable man who is a horse dealer, but whose unforgivable sin is that he is an Afghan.

### THE STRAND UNION.

We have had a visit from an inmate of this Union, who complains that the treatment is much less generous than it used to be. Until not very long ago, there were four meals, breakfast, lunch, dinner and tea. Now the lunch is knocked off, although it still appears on the diet sheet. Then as to tobacco. It seems that it has been the custom to use 400lbs. in the course of the year, but when Mr. Burns heard of it, he said that it was much too much. The result is that, except upon rare occasions, nobody under 60 now gets tobacco, and a large number over that age have to go without it. And yet the allowance was only one ounce per man per week.

**WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?**
*See page iii. of Cover.*

## IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By WALTER MOORE.

### IV.—THE CUCKOO AND THE KING FISHER.

Returning home last Tuesday night elated—I said elated—from Hackney Town Hall, where the result of the South Hackney Election had been made amid a scene of unprecedented enthusiasm, my path led me across that rural stretch of country known as Hackney Marshes. There, in pleasing solitude I mused upon the excellent fact that once again Mr. Bottomley had been returned to Parliament, and that, in consequence, the cherished ideal of every man of commonsense—a Business Government—was one step nearer fruition.

Filled with these happy thoughts, I suddenly became aware that I had wandered from the path and was approaching a clump of trees which loomed darkly through the midnight gloom. Stopping to reconsider my situation, I was astonished to hear the loud but melancholy call of a Cuckoo ring from the leafless boughs, followed instantly by the dismal croak of a King Fisher.

I have always been a keen student of natural history, and more especially of bird life. Consequently, my curiosity aroused, I stepped softly over the soddened turf towards the cuckoo-haunted grove. There I was privileged to overhear one of the most surprising conversations that it had ever been my lot to enjoy. Let me, without further preamble, give a faithful account of what I overheard.

CUCKOO: Pity I didn't migrate before this beastly weather set it.

KING FISHER: Same here.

CUCKOO: I shouldn't have minded so much if I could only have worked my way into Bottomley's warm nest.

KING FISHER: Nor should I.

CUCKOO: And if it hadn't have been for you, you interfering blighter, I might have succeeded.

KING FISHER: That's funny; I was thinking exactly the same about you. What possessed you to chip in and mess up a straight fight between Bottomley and me passes my comprehension. It isn't as if you had stood an earthly chance.

CUCKOO: What! I didn't stand a chance, you say! Wasn't I adopted by the Liberal and Radical Representation Association?

KING FISHER: You mean the Liberal and Radical *Mis*-representation Association.

CUCKOO: I won't argue that point with you. That was only one of my many excellent qualifications.

KING FISHER (*contemptuously*): Your qualifications! What were the others?

CUCKOO: Aren't I a schoolmaster?

KING FISHER: Certainly; but the electors of South Hackney are not infants and first standard schoolboys, and don't want a black-board artist, a poor pedagogue, to represent them in the House of Commons. They want a man! That's why I thought I stood a good chance.

CUCKOO: Pooh!

KING FISHER: At any rate, I put up a straight fight. I didn't represent myself as other than I am. I didn't sail under false colours, and I didn't dirty my mouth with personalities and abuse of Bottomley at the street corners.

CUCKOO: What else was I to do? Bottomley has served the constituency well; he's kept his last election pledges to the letter; he's an old Hackney man with a firm hold upon the electors in consequence of the interest he has always taken in local affairs. How else was I to fight him but by calumny and abuse?

KING FISHER: Well, for my part I would rather lose the election, as I have done, after a clean fight, than win it, as you pretended to expect, by such low-down methods as you adopted.

CUCKOO: Be careful! Just moderate your criticism; or next spring, when I am mating, I'll tell my old woman to lay an egg or two in your nest.

KING FISHER: Ha, ha! Like your Hackney *lay* I've no doubt they'd jolly soon become addled.

A violent fluttering of wings in the branches overhead led me to conclude that the feathered disputants had abandoned verbal argument for physical suasion. I looked up, and was just in time to see the disconsolate and embittered birds, with one or two final and raucous expressions of mutual recrimination, spread their dilapidated wings and disappear in the damp grey mist which enshrouded the Marshes, towards—heaven knows where

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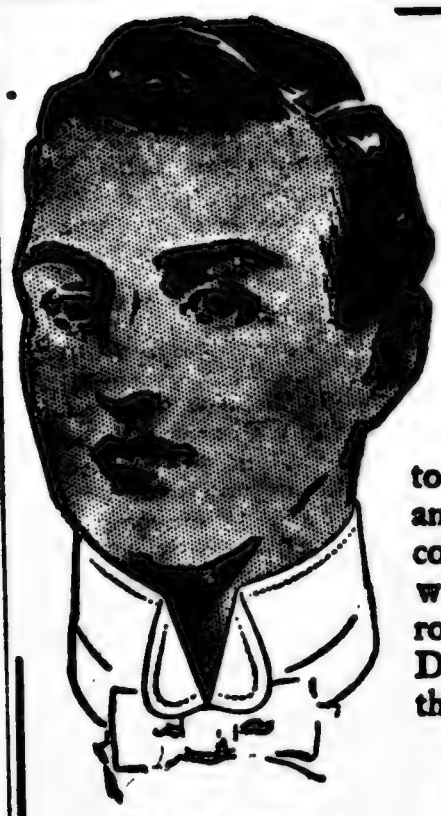

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## PARIS RE-VISITED.

By Jim Crow.

*[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]*

The more I re-visit Paris the more it seems the same thing. That, I believe, is a vague parody of some senseless French proverb. But it is certainly founded on fact. I have visited Paris ever since I was about two years old, and, barring a certain amount of change in the Tuileries Gardens owing to disappointment about the results of the Prussian war, I feel sure that it is precisely the same Paris; that it has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing; never will learn anything so long as it escapes the fate of the Cities of the Plain. Anyone returning to London after a few years, would certainly be struck by the widening of the streets, the arising of remarkable if not beautiful buildings, the improvement of the conveniences of the people—briefly, the march of progress. The difference between the two capitals is that, while London is accomplishing progress without any fuss or rant or screech, Paris contents itself with proclaiming to the whole world that it is the City of Light, the pioneer of civilisation.

### Answered in Advance.

I know that I shall lay myself open to sneers, perhaps even be insulted with the name of tourist if I seem to attach special importance to the discomforts and annoyances of the thoroughfaring visitor. But such little things are in this case emphatic emblems of the whole state of corruption. Besides, they are so much more easy to control by the week-end tripper, by the small clerk who has been seventeen years a resident in Paris, by all the ignorant and prejudiced persons who always write reams of abuse whenever I criticise a foreign country for that unfortunate place's good. Not that their opinion matters, but if they agree with me, who shall dare to carp?

### Gallic Greetings.

Let us, then, take the tedious tripper as a type. He arrives at a grimy, gloomy railway station where he has the utmost difficulty in finding a porter; is treated with horrid incivility and abused with a torrent of coarse language if he does not lavish four or five times the largesse which would inspire all sorts of bows and scrapes from the man in corduroys at home. After waiting what seems a year for his luggage, he begins to think about a cab. If he is fresh from London he expects a motor cab, and with great luck he may sometimes get one. But it will carry next to no luggage, it is of the oldest and shakiest pattern, and would certainly not pass Scotland Yard.

### The Gondolas of Paris.

Most of us on arriving at a station have to put up with the kind of four-wheeler which our grand-parents used to laugh over. It sways from side to side, it zigzags among tramlines, as often as not it will scatter some of your trunks on the way to your hotel; and the coachman, oh! the coachman, with his white tin hat and his bloodshot nose, his surly thanklessness, his utter ignorance of the geography of even so small a city as Paris—would not they all afford an intolerable scandal even in Timbuctoo? As for his geographical ignorance, it would be utterly impossible to exaggerate it. The other night I wanted to drive about one hundred yards and was taken in all sorts of incredible directions before Jehu succeeded in finding either the Senate or the best known coffee-house in the Latin Quarter.

### Sluttish Streets.

Cabs, of course, are only a small part of the life of a capital, and no doubt the attention of newcomers is attracted towards them unduly. But let us take the streets. No doubt you are all familiar with the cardboard presentments of Old London, or Old Vienna, or Old Jericho. Well, they are magnificent compared with the average street in the present Paris. The houses are grey and dingy and moth-eaten. The pavements are so narrow that no two people half so fat as myself can pass without gymnastic contortions. All sorts of filth and refuse are flung over the kerb, and great streams of water are let loose at frequent intervals to remove them. I had a vague idea that this sluicing business only occurred at about five or six in the morning, before I rose, or before you, Mr. Tourist, went to bed. But I have noticed unfortunate ladies with neat new boots having to hop, skip and jump in the early afternoon at a crossing. Nor is the result satisfactory from the point of view of cleanliness, for no sooner has one lot of rubbish disappeared than another is immediately dumped. After lunch, this very day, I was almost deluged by dishfuls of broken meats which frowsy females were conveying from horrid little eating-houses out on to the road. And this in one of the main thoroughfares in the City of Light!

### The Show of the Shops.

As for shops, they are either of the tawdriest and most miserable aspect, or old curiosity bazaars, or flaring coffee-houses or the fly-traps of the Boulevards. These fly-traps have exhibited almost identically the same wares at least since the Second Empire—the same picture-frames and sham jewellery and licentious books and sealing wax. Judging from most of the shops within a half-mile radius of the Opera, the whole interest in a Parisian's life centres in sealing-wax, and the various appurtenances for applying it to the kind of note-paper which nobody but a chorus-girl would dream of using. After sealing-wax comes drink. As you may know, I am not a bigoted teetotaler, but even in my unregenerate days I should have thought it unnecessary to have dram-shops within every few yards of each other. You can either go inside and sit on gold plush seats in a stifling atmosphere of petroleum and patchouli; or, as you will probably prefer in rare intervals of thirst, you will shiver at a hard, round table in the street and be exposed to the insults of tramps and the importunities of professional beggars.

### Bad Money and Worse Whisky.

Now I can imagine my usual type of critic (who has spent seventeen years on a high stool in a Paris counting-house), taking his thin, scratchy pen from behind his long ear and sitting down to tell me that I am a mere tourist who has never visited any part of Paris beyond the environs of the Grand Hotel. As a matter of fact, I never go near the Grand Hotel or the Boulevards when I am in Paris, except for the fleeting purpose of having my few remaining hairs clipped and curled. I invite my prospective critic to go to any café in Paris and show me comfort or fresh air or good liquor. Bad money, yes! I grant him that there is plenty of that going about. But the worst whisky to be found in any of the neighbourhoods of Mr. Lloyd George's orations is nectar compared with the poisonous concoctions of the most lordly pleasure-houses in Paris.

### Aimless Amusements.

The Parisian does not amuse himself. He is a born loafer who trudges incessantly through the garbage of his gutters, gaping and gazing in the vain hope of finding some victim to devour or some cheap stupidity to amuse him. But almost every establishment which is not a coffee-house is devoted to the strenuous cultivation of fictitious amusements. I have been to Port Said and seen the kind of thing there, but it is nothing to what I found all over Paris, from the top of Montmartre to the uttermost parts of the Boulevard St. Michel; from Montparnasse to Villette.

### The Light Side of the City of Light.

At short intervals I behold flaring lamps and eccentric signs, I hear hideous music and dismal dances. I fear that I shall always be young enough to succumb to my curiosity. The consequence is that, when I espy a transparency of a cock-chafer, or a set of mysterious windows provided with old bottle glass, I have to poke my nose in to find out if at last someone has thought of something new. What do I find? Two or three people are making a noise with rude instruments or jumping about to let outsiders imagine that a ball is in progress. But the majority of the company, hideous women and cut-throat-looking men, are seated at little tables over beer and cards. In a few minutes an artificial affability will be assumed and stupid efforts will be made to make you imagine that you are welcome. But if you are not a perfect fool as well as an utter stranger, you will notice winks and nudges such as Mr. and Mrs. Spider must exchange on the entrance of a simple fly. I need not expatiate upon the old, old tricks for relieving you of all your money, for they are not even ingenious enough to be amusing. But there are chances of immediate trouble if you show the slightest disinclination to be plucked. Indeed, it is much easier to enter the Parisian place of amusement than to emerge without annoyance as well as boredom.

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## OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

**To Lord Fisher, Admiral of the Fleet, London.**

MY GALLANT SON OF THE SEA,—Friends in New York tell me that you went off to Philadelphia the other morning to see your son safely married, and were invaded aboard the *Baltic* ere you steamed homewards by those talented, delicately nurtured and noble exponents of the Gospel of Truth, the gents of the Yankee press; that as you retreated before the army of invading scribes you exclaimed, "My word, but this is worse than Trafalgar!" and that you interlarded your remarks with such observations as "Shiver my timbers!" "Belay there!" and "Avast!" Whether at the same time you hitched up your bifurcations and danced a hornpipe is not stated.

On the whole, you appear to have earned the approval of the reporters by acclaiming your high appreciation of American ladies, American skyscrapers, and American hospitality, for they describe you as "a gallant sea-dog" and "a cheerful British tar." When you have a few spare moments after your arrival home, I shall be glad if you will tell me what you think of American flapdoodle, Mr. Roosevelt, the Statue of Liberty, the Chicago meat trade, the Tammany bosses, the Almighty dollar, the New York policeman, gin-sling, the state of the weather, George Washington, and Dr. Cook, of the North Pole. Also, if you have any views on the Veto, kindly state them at the same time, or for ever after hold your peace.

JOHN BULL.

**To Tom Wing, Esq., Grimsby.**

DEAR TOMMY,—One of my readers has forwarded me a local paper containing a report of a speech of yours at Cleethorpes, the great Lincolnshire watering-place. From this I gather Cleethorpes expresed a wish that the Coronation should not be held during the Cleethorpes season; that the Council approached you to use your irresistible influence in the matter; that you approached Mr. Lulu Harcourt accordingly, and that this great statesman referred you to the Lord Chief Marshal, who at once made the concession that the Coronation should take place on Thursday, June 22nd, "absolutely clear of the Summer Season." I do not wonder that your audience burst into frantic applause on your statement of this magnificent achievement. It proved to them what an M.P. can do when he sets his mind to it, and that in Mr. Tom Wing, Cleethorpes has an old and tried friend, who will see that its just claims to have a voice in the Coronation arrangements shall be recognised at Court. As a token of their recognition of your services, I understand the burgesses of Cleethorpes are arranging that a faithful representation of the historic meeting between yourself and the Lord Chief Marshal shall be painted in seven colours on canvas, framed, hung in the town's Gallery of Fine Arts, and inscribed with the words, "Tom Wing, Esq., saving Cleethorpes by putting off the Coronation." Thus shall your townsmen keep your memory green unto the third and fourth generation, or as long as the picture lasts.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Oh, the ingratitude of the world!

**To the Rev. A. B. de Molcyns, Rector, Chester-le-Street.**

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—I perceive the Chester-le-Street Guardians were surprised the other morning to find in the estimates of the workhouse master that provision had been made for a new surplice for you, and that they discussed the proposal with great eloquence and enthusiasm. Though you have a surplice of your own—as a matter of fact, I daresay you have two—one to wear while the other is being washed—you refrain from wearing it during your spiritual ministrations at the workhouse, and the master thoughtfully sought to remedy the omission, and throw the cost on the rates, where so many other things are thrown in these days. I admit my sense of propriety is shocked by the suggestion of one of the members of the Board that if you could not provide a surplice of your own you should preach in your shirt, but I think they were right in refusing to impose upon the ratepayers of Chester-le-Street the cost of an ecclesiastical garment unessential to your spiritual exhortations to the inmates. If they had bought it for you, I suppose the next thing you would have required them to do would have been to wash it. These be hard times, dear and rev. brother, and it is the duty of the Great Overburdened not to squander on surplices what they may need for food.

JOHN BULL.

**Misses Crossley and Hatch, Star Hall, Ancoats, Manchester.**

DEAR ANGELS OF TRUTH,—I notice in the pious organ you edit, *The Way of Holiness*, that you say a girl complained that, though she had laid the fire and struck six matches in trying to light it, she was unsuccessful in her attempt. You—or one of you—remarked, "It's the paper that won't light—what paper do you use?" The girl said, "I use *The Way of Holiness*," and you comment: "So, of course, we understood."

Its readers seem green enough to be as lucky. But it seems to me that the only use to which the paper will in future be put, will be to wrap up the enormous catches of amateur fishermen.

JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. Justice Ridley, Royal Courts of Justice, Strand.**

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,—In the case of Griffiths and Bedell *versus* Sir John Benn, it appears to me that your lordship has done about as much talking as all the counsel engaged on both sides, although your observations have been all on one of them. This is your lordship's irrepressible habit, and you will permit me to say that it would be a great convenience to counsel, litigants, and the jury in cases over which you preside, if you would endeavour to control yourself as much as possible until your proper turn comes—summing-up. That is not only the more regular, but is also the more effective course. The less a judge says (at any rate in some cases) the more influence is he likely to exercise over the jury.

JOHN BULL.

**To Ex-Lieutenant Woods.**

DEAR WOODS,—Congratulations on your appointment as His Majesty's Vice-Consul at Adana, in Asia Minor. But is not this rather a tame ending to all your agitation? After hearing so much about your grievances and the lavish paternal expenditure and the committees which were to be formed in every constituency to assert your rights, I am surprised that you and papa should have acquiesced in so mild a muzzling order as a paltry vice-consulate.

Still, I congratulate Sir Edward Grey on utilising your services. There is trouble brewing in Asia, and you know a bit about that part of the world. And you have brains. So perhaps all is for the best. Besides, your mouth will now be closed. It would never have done to have you and Allan Sutor both at large at the same time, would it? And, as they *can't* get at him, they had to muzzle you. Good luck—and always, in future, be a good boy.

JOHN BULL.

**To Cap'n Tommy Bowles, Ex-M.P.**

DEAR TOMMY,—So they have parted with you at King's Lynn—and so soon, too! I am sure you must have been very surprised, for I am certain that if since your return to Parliament last January one fact has more impressed itself on your mind than another, it was that Tommy Gibson Bowles was indispensable to the House of Commons. And I'm not sure that you were wrong. But you should have concealed your opinion a little more. The world, and especially the political world, doesn't like being reminded that any particular man is indispensable—and it has a nasty knack of undeceiving him. Still, I'm sorry you have gone. I shall miss you and your little dog when in the early mornings I take my walk to the House and secure my seat for prayers. (You see I'm assuming that *I'm* not going to be kicked out!) But I shall cherish the memory of many a pleasant little chat with you.

And now a serious word in your ear. May I put you down on my list of John Bull League candidates at the *next* election? You know our Battle Cry—a Democratic Business Government. What do you say?

JOHN BULL.

**Sir John Benn, c.o. London County Council.**

Pity you told the jury that calling t'other side dishonest is part of party game. Should never give game away, you know.

BULL.

**Glazebrook, South Manchester.**

Suppose it *was* a mistake?

BULL.

**Harold Cox, Wilderness.**

Get ready stand as Business Government Candidate.

BULL.

**Hilaire Belloc, Same Address.**

Ditto, ditto.

BULL.

**Allan Sutor, c.o. "John Bull."**

Ditto, ditto.

BULL.

## INTERESTED PARTIES.

JOHN BULL:—"H'm! These fellows seem almost as concerned as *I* am!"

# JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

The reduction in the Bank Rate to 4½ per cent. was somewhat unexpected, but none the less welcome, although the Bank Return did not disclose any basis for the movement. It may, however, be assumed that the powers that be had special knowledge with regard to the gold position, which justified them in taking this step. Business on the Stock Exchange is, of course, being interfered with by the elections, but the tone has been firm and prices have advanced in many directions, especially in *Home Rails, South African Mines, Russians* and *Japanese,* and in *Foreign Rails,* not to forget *Consols* and other *gilt-edged securities.* The weak spot has been *Yankee Rails,* which have dropped from 2 to 5 dols. for the week, a movement which again bears out my advice to leave this market severely alone. After the elections I look for active dealings, and a resumption of business much earlier than usual in the New Year.

The Rise in Home Rails Confirms the Forecast in these Columns.

For some time past I have strongly advocated the purchase of Home Rails for investment, as yielding a remarkably high return considering the substantial nature of the stocks. What has hitherto interfered with this market has been the ever-recurring labour troubles, although evidently there seems to be now a fair prospect of the strike of the Welsh miners and the lock-out in the shipbuilding trade being adjusted, and this circumstance finally seems to have caused investors to hurry up and "Bears" to close. Even Home politics have no longer any terrors for investors in Home Rails, as it is not conceivable that the General Election will result in the composition of a House of Commons that would tolerate the idea of the nationalisation of the railways. A point, moreover, is that leading Home Railway companies have been able to renew their contracts for coal at a considerable reduction, working out to about 11 per cent. For some time I have been recommending more particularly *Brighton "A," North-Western, North-Eastern;* and especially also *Great Northern Deferred.* The following table gives the recent movements in the leading Home Railway stocks, and the return on the investment, taking as a basis the receipts for the twelve months ended June 30th last :—

| | Dividend. 1909-10. | Highest Price. 1909-10. | Price. Oct. 31. | Price. Dec. 5. | Yield per ann. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Central London .. .. | 3 | 73 | 65 | 65 | 4 13 9 |
| Great Central 1881 Pref. .. | 5 | 69 | 105 | 105 | 4 15 3 |
| Great Eastern .. .. .. | 2½ | 69½ | 68 | 68 | 4 5 5 |
| Great Northern Def. .. .. | 1¾ (a) | 48½ | 49 | 51½ | 3 8 0 |
| Hull and Barnsley .. .. | 3⅜ | 70 | 68 | 69 | 5 5 9 |
| Lancashire and Yorkshire .. | 4 | 92½ | 89⅝ | 89½ | 4 9 9 |
| L. and S. W. Ord. .. .. | 6 | 142⅝ | 140 | 142 | 4 5 9 |
| Brighton Ord. .. .. .. | 5½ | 112⅝ | 112 | 114 | 4 10 9 |
| London, Til. and Southend .. | 6½ | 122½ | 125 | 125 | 4 18 9 |
| Metropolitan .. .. .. | 1⅝ | 45½ | 39 | 40 | 3 16 3 |
| Midland Def. .. .. .. | 3 | 62⅝ | 63 | 63 | 4 12 3 |
| North Eastern .. .. .. | 6 | 136 | 129 | 130½ | 4 12 9 |
| Rhymney Ord. .. .. .. | 9½ | 209 | 203 | 203 | 4 13 6 |
| South Eastern Ord. .. .. | 3 | 77⅝ | 78 | 79 | 3 16 0 |
| North Western .. .. .. | 6½ | 138 | 135⅝ | 136½ | 4 11 9 |
| Great Western .. .. .. | 5½ | 127½ | 123 | 124⅝ | 4 8 3 |

(a) for 1909.

It must, however, be considered that during the current half-year a very considerable increase in traffics has been achieved, amounting up to November 27th last to £1,261,674, the largest share of which falls to *North-Western, Midland* and *Great Western.* It is known, moreover, that, owing to the various working arrangements concluded, many of the companies will save very considerably in working costs. Hence there will doubtless be a substantial increase in the dividends for the current half-year, which may bring the yield in North-Western and Great Western up to 5 per cent. per annum, in North-Eastern to 4¼ per cent., etc. It is obvious, therefore, that this is an excellent opportunity for acquiring an interest in such thoroughly substantial stocks, and, in fact, also in *Midland Deferred,* and others at various times recommended in these columns.

Solidified Petroleum.

I have had an opportunity of handling solidified petrol, and as far as I can see there is absolutely no danger connected with it, and the question of explosion is quite obviated. It can be carried in bulk, possibly in cardboard boxes. No tanks will be required, and it must obviously be of the greatest possible importance for the shipping, for submarines, and especially also for the handling of crude oil as fuel, whether it be for the engines of ships or railways, or for motor-cabs, etc. It could also be used for the transport of oil where no pipe lines are available. I understand that the Autocar people are at present testing the solidified oil, and results will shortly be communicated. A small company is apparently being formed to acquire and work the patents, and I suppose that a considerable demand will develop for the shares. Anyone should, before making any purchase of these, convince himself of the merits of the invention, and when they have done that they will probably want to invest in some of the shares. This is undoubtedly a very big thing if it stands the tests.

The Four Great Argentine Railways—The Attractions of the Central Argentine.

On comparing the position of the four great Argentine lines the impartial critic must come to the conclusion that the Central Argentine stands first, while the Buenos Ayres and Pacific makes the least encouraging showing, as its aggregate increase of £213,000 from July 1st to November 26th has only been obtained through a considerable expansion in the mileage. On the other hand, the Central Argentine gross increase amounts to £445,260, and that of the Great Southern to £133,830, but the Buenos Ayres Western increase is only £10,160. Perhaps the best way to judge of the position is to work out the receipts per mile, the Central Argentine revenue being £46 3s. 11d. per mile, while the Buenos Ayres and Pacific receipts are only £27 14s. 6d. per mile. It does not, under these circumstances, require an expert to tell which are the most promising stocks of the group, *Central Argentine* being at the top of the list and *Buenos Ayres and Pacific* at the bottom. *Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Buenos Ayres Western* already pay 7 per cent. dividend, giving at present quotations a return of about 5¼ per cent. per annum. It should soon be the turn of the *Central Argentine* to reach the same mark, by increasing its distribution from the present level of 6 per cent. This it could easily do, and at the same time further strengthen its financial reserves, thanks to the splendid traffic increase which it already has to its credit. In anticipation of such a contingency, the quotation has, as I recently foreshadowed, risen to nearly 108, but, if the anticipations are fulfilled and its rate of progress is maintained, there is no reason why the stock should not gradually rise to the level of *Buenos Ayres Great Southern* stock—120. As to *Buenos Ayres and Pacific,* the present price of 94 discounts the future with a vengeance, considering that the dividend for last year was only 3 per cent., although, no doubt, the extensions will eventually become remunerative.

West Australian Bullfinches and Other Finches.

Of course, the West Australian Premier, Mr. Frank Wilson, acted quite correctly in speaking favourably of the *Bullfinch Proprietary Mine,* while basing his remarks on the public reports of its great richness. He added, however, that 618 leases, comprising 13,000 acres, had since been applied for, but that the Government had issued public warnings to the people to defer investment in the new properties until they had been reported upon by competent mining men. Similar warnings are also uttered by the *Melbourne Argus* and the *Western Mail,* of Perth, W.A. The former actually mentions that a transaction had been completed when it was found that the particular finch sold was entirely mythical as a mining venture. The *Western Mail* also points out that "the host of finches that swarm around the parent have yet to be proved, and that the vast majority will prove duffers, of course, needs no laboured demonstration." So far the following concerns recently floated are more or less known here :—*Bullfinch Proprietary,* capital £500,000 in £1 shares, price 2⅞, after 3⅛ had been touched; *Bullfinch East,* capital £120,000 in £1 shares, price ⅛—⅜; *Bull Ant Prop.,* capital £200,000 in £1 shares at ⅛—1; *Mountain Queen* capital £125,000 in 10s. shares; *Great Chaffinch,* shares 10s. with 5s. paid at 7-16—9-16; *Golden Bullfinch,* capital £100,000 in 5s. shares at a nominal premium. In addition the *Great Boulder* has some leases under option, on the strength of which the shares rose to 22s. 6d., receding, however, to 21s. Then there are a host of Blue Finches, Bullfinch Consols, Great Bullfinches, Bullfinch North and West, Green Finches, and even a Zebra Finch, besides a Golden Eagle, Black Birds, Wattle Bird, Hit or Miss, etc. I hope my readers will take the warnings above referred to to heart, so as not to allow themselves to be tempted into "wild-cat" enterprises.

Kaffirs Improving Slowly But Surely—"Bull" Points for Investors—Rhodesian Reflections.

Slowly, but surely, *Kaffirs* are improving, and as the public has always had a partiality for such shares the continuance of the inside support is bound to attract them back to the market eventually. The "Bull" points are steadily accumulating, and although the November returns may not show much of an improvement in the labour position, this should have greatly bettered by the end of the year. By the way, the *Simmer East* is closing down shortly, and, it being an ill wind that blows nobody any good, the natives released thereby will be concentrated upon other more promising mines of the *Consolidated Goldfields* group. The *East Rand Proprietary* board, in order to make the new Debenture issue

more palatable to small investors, have made provision for the issue of these also in the form of £20 bonds. But at the present time the chief interest centres in the arrangements for the transfer of the whole of the Wernher Beit interests to the *Central Mining and Investment Corporation*, a development which cannot but greatly benefit the Kaffir market generally. Thereupon, *Modderfontein* have risen to 11 13-16, *Rand Mines* to 8 7-16, and *Goldfields* are firm at 5 11-16, *East Rands* at 5 3-32, and so on. A good deal must also depend upon the forthcoming half-yearly dividends, but there is no reason to think that, in the main, these will be otherwise than satisfactory.

Turning to the Rhodesian market, we find various features of interest, notably *Hay Gold Mines*, which have quickly fulfilled my tip by touching 2 1-16, and easing to 2 on profit-taking. Those who bought these shares at lower prices will not do any harm by clearing at least some of their profits. *Lonely Reefs* are another good feature at 2 13-16. *Rhodesia Explorations* rather hang fire for the present at 3 3-16, but should come again to the front presently. An exceptional feature is the renewed selling of *Bucks Reef*, bringing these shares down to 1⅞, but I advise my readers to keep out of shares like these when mysterious bouts of selling so frequently upset the market. The same is the case with *Surprise*, which are down to 1 7-32, for reasons which have yet to be explained. Efforts are being made to work up *Amalgamated Props.* on the strength of their proposed introduction on the Paris Bourse and the impending flotation of the *Champion Mine* subsidiary, but I hesitate to recommend a purchase of these shares until it is evident that they are to be taken in hand in earnest. *Giants* at one time went over 4 on their introduction in Paris (by the way, rather a doubtful blessing at times, unless the shares are worked off on real investors), and now stand at 3 15-16. We have still to hear how the development work at the seventh level is faring. *Antelope* at 2, and *Selukwe Columbia* at 3 13-16, in view of their bonus in option rights and excellent advices from their properties, are in strong demand. The *Tanganyika* group has receded to the background for the time being. *Jumbos* have not yet got over their disappointing report, despite latest cables of a more encouraging nature; and the directors' report of the *United Rhodesia Goldfields* is not likely to cause any enthusiasm for these shares. *Selukwe* have flattened out to 6s., and cannot be worth that, if it is true that the mine will be closed down shortly.

## JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX

*(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

*(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.*

*(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.*

*(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.*

*(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*

**(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.**

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—T. MORETON HARRIS AND CO.—CIRCULAR (Sheffield), AND OTHERS.—It is absolutely impossible that outside brokers of this class could guarantee certain profits on their deals in stocks and shares. They are, obviously, not philanthropists, and if the profits were so certain, they would make them for their own account. I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with this kind of speculation. UNCERTAIN.—No, you should have nothing to do with circularising outside brokers, who profess to be able to do business on terms which are quite impossible for anyone but a philanthropist to carry out. If you wish to deal in stocks and shares, do so through a member of the Stock Exchange. ANXIOUS ONE (Glasgow).—I am glad to hear that you got your money, which I always thought you would, and, in the circumstances, the documents surely do not matter any more. C. T. G.—You will do well to keep to your resolve not to go into these speculations in American Rails on 1 per cent. margin, as proposed by R. May and Co., of Premier House, Dover Street, Piccadilly. If you had done so on their invitation of November 22nd, you might have lost a good many one per cents. in view of the heavy fall in the market. PROFITS.—No, I do not consider gambling with the Anglo-American Investment Trust, of 16-18, Daimler House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., "safe." They are not philanthropists. HOPPER.—The amount owing to you appears to have been £7, as there was an amount of 6s. due for stamps. The 12s. 6d. is apparently an older balance. A stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, would not care to buy less than £15 to £20 stock. The documents are returned. F. J. H.—You must be very simple if you believe that these outside brokers would invest this money for you, a stranger, with safety on such generous terms. They are not philanthropists. PANSY.—No, I do not recommend speculating in the monthly deals of these people. E. C. B. AND J. CO.—Same reply.

OUR SHIP COMPANIES.—OMEGA.—Unless you have special inside knowledge, do not go into these companies. In case you want to sell again, moreover, there would be great difficulty.

BANK.—ESSEX.—Fourth-rate, and far from safe.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LTD.—VICTIM.—I have heard of no return to creditors and should be surprised if there were any.

£18 GAMBLE.—N. E.—No doubt they would plead the Gaming Act. But why did you entrust such people with your money?

UTILISING WASTE MATERIAL.—T. E. F.—You must send some further particulars if I am to help you.

OUTSIDE CONCERN.—IN CONFIDENCE (Hove).—This is not safe, and you should have nothing to do with it. In fact, why deposit with such people when you can invest in sound securities, and especially in substantial Home Railway stocks, to yield you 4½ to 5 per cent.?

AUSTRALIAN MINING SHARE.—CYCLOPS.—The merits of this company are unaltered, and first-class, but a block of stock in weak hands came on the market When that is absorbed, prices will no doubt advance again.

HOUSE BROKERS.—R. C. J. P.—No, the firm in question are outside brokers, and I do not recommend the connection.

MINES, ETC.—IRISH READER.—(1) This concern has been a great disappointment, and is in want of more capital. It should be worth while, however, holding now. (2) Ditto. (3) I do not think much of these oil shares. (4) Yes, Goldfields should be held for a substantial rise. (5) The same applies to Tanganyikas, although temporary fluctuations must be faced.

BREWERY STOCK.—NORRAIP.—The £5 shares, £2 paid, are quoted at a discount of £3—that is to say, you will have to pay something like £1 per share to someone to take them, with the liability for uncalled capital.

LEVER PREFS.—REVEL.—A fair Industrial holding, but not without a speculative element.

RAILS, ETC.—ESPERANCE.—Great Central 1879 and 1881 Five per Cent. Preferences, at 111 and 105 respectively, and Brighton 6 per Cent. Preferred Ordinary, at 133, would answer your purposes, if you prefer stocks with a fixed yield. Both of the drapery shares are fair Industrial holdings, but, of course, subject to trade fluctuations. RELIABLE.—You have left it rather late, but there are still a good many opportunities in Home Rails, especially on any reaction. As regards a speculative investment for the balance, see my articles.

DUBLIN DISTILLERS.—TAY PAY.—This company is still in existence, but is doing badly. While the Debenture interest has been paid, the Preference dividend is in arrear since July 1, 1900, and the Ordinary shares have received nothing since 1896. For any further information you require, apply to the Secretary, Mr. J. F. Dickson, 157, Thomas Street, Dublin.

KAFFIRS, ETC.—LONGSHORT.—(1) Better hold now; the company should turn the corner presently. (2) Developments are encouraging, and it should be worth while holding these shares for a general improvement. (3) Ditto.

VARIOUS.—J. R. A. T.—(1) If you are able to sell, do so. (2 and 4) No market for the Cinematograph shares, and I do not like them. (3) These are quoted at 2s., but I do not care much for them. (5) Still in existence, but no market for the shares.

COPPER SHARES.—W. D. R.—All copper shares have lost ground, partly with the American market, and that is why these are lower. The mine is, of course, still in the development stage, and patience is necessary.

BANK ACCOUNT.—INEXPERIENCED.—It is difficult to judge in such a matter, as the other side of the subject should also be heard. The sum is so small, that it is hardly worth while talking about. The best solution is to transfer your account to another bank, and also to transact your business in stocks and shares direct with a stockbroker in the future.

AMERICAN MINE.—CHEVRON.—Without going into the merits or demerits, of the proposition, it should be sufficient for you that there is no market for the shares in this country, and that, in my opinion, is a fatal objection to investment therein.

£500 INVESTMENT.—MULTUM-IN-PARVO.—I should not advise you to speculate, in your position, but you can get a better yield in the following perfectly safe securities:—Irish Land New 3 per Cent. Stock at 89½, London County 3 per Cent. at 95, and Western Australian 3½ per Cent. at 95½.

RUBBER.—SCOTUS.—The course of the prices depends upon the result of the tapping, which is now going on and which, I understand, will be satisfactory. In the circumstances, you should hold. ENOS.—I do not care for the concern named, but you cannot evade payment of the calls, even by forfeiting the shares. CONDOMAN.—(a) The only decent one amongst the lot is No. 3. (b) If you can. (c) No. (d) It makes no difference if they have had a special settlement. READER OF "JOHN BULL."—No particular reason for selling the first-mentioned shares. As regards a further investment, why not spread the money over, say, Anglo-Malay, United Sumatra, and Jequie? W. O. (Birmingham).—Very little information is available regarding this concern, and, although there were dealings of a sort when it was first launched, the shares have since become unmarketable, and I am afraid you will not be able to sell them. PANIC.—Look before you leap. No doubt there has been much that was reprehensible in the flotation of the company, but going to law is a very expensive matter, and the game is hardly worth the candle. It will be cheaper in the long run to cut your loss. T. A. A.—Both rubber shares have declined in sympathy with the rest of the market, but should now be held. I send the name of a broker, but you cannot deal for less than about £20 value. ARBON.—Yes, the company is a producer on a moderate scale The shares are quoted at about 1s. 6d., but instead of averaging these, why not buy some of the prominent dividend paying shares? JERRY SALISBURY.—This company has been producing lately on a small scale, but there is practically no market in the shares, and you can do much better in other descriptions.

## INSURANCE REPLIES.

***Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.***

LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—F. D. (Brighton).—We understand that Mr. Fowler has been reinstated as manager. SHAREHOLDER (Edinburgh).—It is to be hoped that at the coming meeting a full statement as to the company's assets and liabilities will be insisted upon, and that it shall be made without avoidable delay. We do not think the Board of Trade would sanction any scheme for the disposal of the business which relieved shareholders of their present liability, unless the scheme made very adequate provision for outstanding claims and unexpired risks.

THE UNITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.—The company ask for £90,000 of the public money. We do not advise you to find any of it.

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—MARKUS (Fishguard).—We do not agree with the representative who gave your friend the opinion you quote. Your opinion upon the matter is quite sound.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—M. B. (Leicester).—If the facts are as you state them, we think you have good cause for action. The County Court would be the place to try it.

DISQUIETING RUMOURS.—H. K. H. (Hull).—You may rest assured that there is no ground whatever for the disquieting rumours to which you refer.

INDUSTRIAL INDEMNITY CORPORATION.—JUNO (Manchester).—Our answer is in the negative.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. K. (Southampton).—We will look into the matter and answer you more fully next week.

CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—We are asked by the General Manager of this company to point out that it has nothing to do with the Law Car and General Insurance Corporation, Ltd. The latter body was established in 1906, the former in 1903. The Car and General does not undertake Marine Insurance, either directly or indirectly, by reinsurance or otherwise, and they are not now and never have been in negotiation with any other company for the transfer of their business, either by means of amalgamation or otherwise. It is a little surprising that the Registrar should have consented to the registration of the title of the Law Car and General Insurance when the Car and General was already registered.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—R. C. (Kingston).—We think the new endowment policy of this company very attractive. E. N. (Liverpool).—The answer is in the affirmative.

UNITED COUNTIES' INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. H. (Bristol).—It is early days with this company, but the first accounts are not unsatisfactory. But we think it would have been better to have deferred the dividend (at the rate of 2½ per cent.) on the paid-up capital.

# THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

### A WEEKLY REVIEW OF MILITARY DOINGS—AND MIS-DOINGS.

BY ALLAN SUTOR.

THE ELECTION—ANOTHER RING AT THE BELL.

We appear to be so busy settling who is to look after public affairs that the difficulty of settling them appears only to increase with each succeeding year. The fact is, that we want a few men who will do things and refrain from mentioning that they ever intended to do them. At present we are suffering from men who make an honest living by continually informing us what they intend to do. The Prime Minister reminds me of a man who has been swearing for years to his sweetheart that he will do anything for her, but who, when the sweetheart rises to the occasion and asks him kindly to go and commit suicide, instead of complying at once with her request, spends the night on her door-step, ringing the bell every half-hour to enquire if she really means it.

EX-LIEUTENANT WOODS.

I am glad to notice that a Government post has been found for Mr. H. C. Woods, late lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. He has been appointed His Majesty's Vice-Consul at Adena (Asia Minor). Mr. Woods was treated very badly by the Army. I hope that his new duties will not prevent him from continuing to point out any grave defects that may still exist in our Army system.

"SPECIAL" PROMOTION.

Promotion by merit was introduced into the Army several years ago. So far, it has been a dead letter. The only man I ever heard of who received promotion by merit was a son of General Sir Evelyn Wood. Even then, it was only heard of because of the noise of protest with which this promotion was universally received. Since then, there has been a lull in awarding "special" promotion. But a beginning has again been made. A contemporary records the interesting fact that Major Wood, son of General Sir Evelyn Wood, has received an interesting appointment at the War Office. General Sir John French is also going to the War Office, but not until after the Coronation. It is a pity we cannot run manœuvres as well as we are able to carry out without a single hitch military funerals and other forms of military dissipation. The War Office would appear to be borrowing a leaf from the way Wesleyans treat their parsons. The good Wesleyans require to change their parsons frequently. They believe in the itinerant system. This gives the people time to recover.

IMPRESSIVE "ANNOUNCEMENT" BY ARMY COUNCIL.

The Army Canteen system is, of course, subject to grave abuses. When the canteen man takes over a barrel of beer supposed to contain 18 gallons, charged to him at 2d. a pint and has to sell it at 2d. a pint and show 10 per cent. profit, he has to have all his wits about him. But the Army Council have at last risen to the occasion. They have issued an announcement. It states: "Colonel Sir E. Ward, by direction of the Army Council, desires to express to all concerned their wish that the rules for the management of the garrison and regimental institutes be strictly adhered to, especially as regards secret commissions to employees." This is a powerful blow to the idea that the Army Council were desirous of encouraging secret commissions to employees.

THE SENTRY.

When he is posted, there is a little ceremony performed. This is to impress him with the serious nature of his own duties and responsibilities. Too often ceremony in military life is to impress the onlooker. It is often so in civil life too. But in the case of a sentry, the ceremony exists for him. For on the sentry—on his honour and integrity alone—depends the safety of a whole army. When he has once been posted, soldiers feel they can sleep soundly in their beds. Now to-day we require two good sentries. They need not be of the type either of John Stuart Mill or of Herbert Spencer. They must be honest and true, however. We want the one at the War Office and the other at the Admiralty—England's great sentry posts. A Board is no use. England was not made by Committees, or Councils, or Boards. It was made by men. The only question is whether the sentries should be political or professional. A politician has the inevitable political bias, a soldier has the military, a sailor the naval bias. The pity, of course, is that a bias of any kind, however unconscious, should exist where interests so great are involved. But, if it has to be reckoned with, and if there is to be no such thing in a country as patriotic bias amongst its leaders, it is clear that for purposes of safety and security it is better to have men—a soldier and a sailor—with a strong professional bias than men, however good, whose bias is purely political. With the latter in power, the danger is that all our goods will be exposed for show in the front shop window, and that the goods so carefully shown, and beautifully described, may fail, when the day of trial comes, to reach the standard of strength and efficiency so eloquently guaranteed for them. The professional sentry would deceive the people by pretending all was only indifferent; the political could not exist for an hour unless he made eloquent addresses on the subject of things being all right. But, whoever is to do sentry-go at the head of our nation, it is, at any rate, nothing less than a misfortune to this country that when it has posted its sentries the only effect so far is to convulse the country with anxiety and to rend it with bitter and unending controversy. What would we think of an Army if it, in the face of its enemies, spent sleepless nights watching and discussing its sentries? A sentry should be like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion.

OLD PIONEERS.

A hardship is inflicted on several old soldiers by the "Residence disqualification" of the Old Age Pensions Act. The following is one instance of several. He is now over 70 years old. He enlisted in the 60th Foot in 1857, aged 18½ years, and after 19 years with the Flag he commuted his pension in 1876 and emigrated to Canada. The calls of the Homeland brought him back in 1895, but, although he has been Empire-building these 38 years, he is debarred from an Old Age Pension because he has not resided in the United Kingdom for a considerable time. Now a short Act is to be brought in dealing with the pauper disqualification. I hope there will be some modification of the residential disqualification in favour of men who have served 19 years in the British Army.

NAVAL TROUBLE.

A few days ago, H.M.S. *Mars* arrived in port. The whole of the crew had been having a strenuous time, but no leave was given to the men. Only the officers were allowed it. This practice has been favoured on H.M.S. *Mars* for some time. At 1.30 p.m., leave was piped for Chief, 1st Class and 2nd Class Petty Officers, but none for the men. The officers were already in plain clothes and on board the steamboat ready to go ashore. The petty officers were about to follow so excellent an example; but the angry men could stand it no longer. They threatened to lower the boats and to pull off. They shouted defiance, and they hustled a lieutenant of Marines. All the officers were then ordered on board. Articles of War were read to the men. Sentries were placed on all casemates. But the men were already satisfied; they had stopped their officers' leave. A contemporary states that a deputation, consisting of nine or ten petty officers, waited on the Commander of the *Mars* when leave was refused, "respectfully" to enquire the reason and to represent the hardship inflicted by this course. I can imagine a party of Suffragettes wishing to interview Mr. Asquith and to show their respect for him by making representations; but on board a battleship it seems strange.

NAVAL EFFICIENCY.

Nowadays we are busily engaged in the miserly task of continually counting the dollars we spend on the Navy. But it is not on such a slender but expensive thread as the size and cost of British battleships that our national safety depends. It is generally believed that money can do much. So it can. Let us therefore spend generously. But better not spend at all than to imagine that to spend money on either a Navy or an Army is thereby to make either efficient. It is true, only experts can decide as to the capabilities of our Naval officers, either as navigators, or as gunners, or as engineers. That, however, is no reason why everything should be taken for granted—why the British Public should never doubt or question them. We do not believe in the practice, originated by missionaries, but now quite discredited (although still pursued by the naval authorities) of publishing glowing accounts of one's own efficiency. It is not business. The shareholders of a company would not long be satisfied only with glowing reports from their directors.

# Money Doubling Itself in a Day

THE above is no extravagant assertion, but is continually happening under the up-to-date system of money-making instituted by the National Share Exchange. This firm does not of course claim that every client has met with success in so short a time, but, that their advice has proved consistently reliable, phenomenally accurate, that they are in fact, pre-eminent as market experts is beyond dispute, and they will strain every nerve to keep up their truly remarkable record during the closing weeks of the year.

## THE National Share Exchange

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**HALF A MILLION STERLING** **£500,000** **HALF A MILLION STERLING**

offer you the Key, with which, however modest the sum at your disposal, however situated, however busy you may be, you can share in the good fortune enjoyed by others. The Royal Road to Wealth is through operations in stocks and shares. Undertaken by a sound business organization, possessed of keen foresight, unerring judgment and inside sources of information, it is systematically making money for its clients.

When you have read what sums of £6 and upwards have done, you will want perhaps, to verify our statements. We court every investigation. Here are the Salient Features of our Perfect System.

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**WE PAY PROFITS DAILY. NO FEES OR DEDUCTIONS.**
**MONEY ALWAYS LIQUID.**

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**To the Secretary, The National Share Exchange,**
**GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £438,690 to clients.

J.B. 10/12/10

NAME _____
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title).

ADDRESS IN FULL _____

DATE _____ _____
(Please write distinctly).

This and all our advertisements are copyrigh

## THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The following list of questions was forwarded to party candidates during the election, and next week we shall analyse the replies—some of which are extremely interesting.

1. Are you in favour of the introduction of a larger business element into the government of the country?

2. Are you in favour of the re-constitution of the Board of Trade, with a view to its consisting of a body of experts in trade and commercial affairs?

3. Are you in favour of the President of the Board of Trade being a man of commercial experience?

4. Are you in favour of the Chancellor of the Exchequer being a person of financial experience and knowledge?

5. Are you in favour of the First Lord of the Admiralty being a naval expert?

6. Are you in favour of the Minister for War being a military expert?

7. Are you in favour of the establishment of a special committee of the Board of Trade (when re-constituted as above suggested) to watch the course of international commerce, with power to levy temporary tariffs upon such goods and for such periods as in its opinion may be necessary for the legitimate defence of British industries?

## JOHN BULL'S FREEHOLD LAND SCHEME.

### OUR £2,000 SUBSIDY.

Owing to the great demand upon our space in connection with the General Election, we are obliged to hold over until the end of the year further announcements in reference to this great popular scheme. Meanwhile, it is in full and active operation, and many John Bull readers have already availed themselves of it and secured our £5 contribution towards the purchase price. The project relates to splendid freehold sites at the "Elthorne Heights," near Ealing—and all further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Great Western Land Company, Limited, 34 and 35, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

## "THE TAILORS' FRIEND."

In our last issue we referred to a lady, Miss A. P. Fraser, who was known—she was taken ill and died last week—as The Tailors' Friend, and we alluded to her work in terms which several correspondents tell us did her much less than justice. We are assured that she did much good in the workshops of London tailors, from Poole's downwards, and that this caused the late King just before his death to send her a present in recognition of her labours. "She gave her whole life to us," writes a member of a well-known West End firm; "twenty years ago she gathered among her friends money to start our Tailors' Hall; she lived a life of self-denial for us, and thousands of people have been made happier by her work." Evidently a very good and true woman.

## MEETING OF THE STRAND HOTEL, LIMITED.

At the third ordinary general meeting of this company, held on the 1st inst., Mr. Joseph Lyons, the chairman, was able to congratulate the shareholders on the eminently satisfactory result of their first year's trading, which resulted in a profit of £41,717. They had distributed an interim dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the Participating Preferred Ordinary shares, which, by a final distribution at the rate of £11 per cent. per annum, was made up to £9 per cent. for the year, leaving £12,081 for the Deferred Ordinary shareholders and a balance of £2,235 forward. Mr. John Balfour, in seconding the resolution, pointed out that they were led by the prospectus to expect only a profit of £25,000, which had been turned into £41,000, and this large business had been carried on with an extraordinarily small stock-in-trade—at the end of the year only £1,600 worth, while there was only £1,600 under the head of debtors. He also understood that their new hotel, to be erected on the Crown lease acquired by the company of a site bordering upon Regent Street, would have twice or three times the accommodation of the Strand Hotel, and he hoped, as a shareholder, that it would be the means of increasing his dividend considerably. The motion was carried unanimously, also a vote of thanks to the chairman and his colleagues, for the satisfactory way in which they had conducted the affairs of the company.

## TRUE WORTH.

By M. Bevan.

Once upon a time there lived a Prince who loved to fill his palace with beautiful things. And his courtiers and advisers obtained for him a most wonderful vase, unrivalled for the originality of its design, the beauty of its execution, the regularity of its curves, and, lastly, for its enormous costliness. And before they gave it to the Prince they made an exhibition of it—"For," said they, "it is only fitting that the people should behold the Prince's vase; therefore let them all enter and see it—at so much per head."

Then the people of the country divided themselves into three parts. And the first part came with reverence to behold once a vase that their Prince might behold every day. And the second part came to gaze with admiration on an object which cost more money than they could expend on the upbringing of their entire families. And the third part (which refused to pay to see the vase) remained outside to rail against the Prince's extravagance—forgetting the gratitude due to him for providing them with a new subject of conversation.

But when the Prince beheld the vase, he was neither unduly elated nor extraordinarily overjoyed, but declared that he had seen that kind of thing before. Then his courtiers and advisers pointed out the originality of its design, the beauty of its execution, the regularity of its curves, and, lastly, its enormous costliness. But all the Prince vouchsafed in answer was that his Palace was crowded with costly encumbrances.

Then the Prince disguised himself and went among his people, and when he returned he brought with him an ornament that far outweighed, in his estimation, all the contents of his Palace.

It was a small mug, with the legend "A Present for a Good Girl" inscribed upon it in letters of gold.

Then it was the courtiers' turn to show a lack of enthusiasm. They pointed out to the Prince the crudeness of the colouring, the falsity of the design. "Who," they cried, "ever beheld a blue clock tower in the midst of a pink sea?"

"As to that," said the Prince, "I hold that a blue clock tower is as near the truth of things as the purple dragon on your vase. This mug I obtained for a few of the smallest coins. There is not another article in all my Palace that cost the same sum. And then the legend! 'A Present for a Good Girl'! What imagination, what romance—what a destiny!"

Before this the courtiers and advisers were silent—merely because at that moment they could not think of a suitable reply.

So the Prince had the mug enthroned upon gold, set with precious stones, but it looked so uncomfortable there that he, in his royal wisdom, obtained a velvet mat for it and had them placed together on a fretwork bracket.


AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

"JOHN and MARY"

Being the Combined

Xmas Number of JOHN BULL and MRS. BULL.

ALL CHRISTMAS NUMBERS LEFT BEHIND.

Printed on glazed paper, in Beautiful Coloured Wrapper.

New Story—"The Written Glory"—by Margaret Baillie-Saunders.

Story by Louise Heilgers—"A Winter Rose."

Mrs. Clement Scott's Reminiscences.

"John and Mary's Christmas Tree"—with all the Politicians and other nuisances hanging on it; "The Ideal Christmas Dinner"; "Yule-tide Fashions"; "The Royal Family's Christmas"; "Christmas in Paris"; Ghost and other Stories, profusely illustrated by Frank Holland; Children's Pictures, and a host of other real old-fashioned wholesome Christmas Fare.

Out To-day (Saturday). Price 2d.

## JIM CROW AND THE DUTCH.

We select two letters out of the voluminous correspondence aroused by Jim Crow's recent article. One gentleman who is, appropriately enough, a resident of Rotterdam, writes that the article "is a very roguish piece, written by a tipsy fellow who merits the name of a varlet, a rogue, a clumsy fellow, and I believe that we may give the same names to the Editor who places such a piece in his paper. In our country we never speak worse of the Englishmen with their red, horrible hairs, their squinting eyes and pale freckled faces." Jim suggests that this may best be answered with the one word "Rotterdam."

Another correspondent in Holland says he has the doubtful honour of belonging to that country, but he does not covet any nationality in particular. He therefore sends a few words of sympathy with Jim, admitting that "Mr. Dutchman is certainly a greedy beast, jabbering, noisy, and given to hustling ladies off the pavement." He says that Dutch officials suffer from swollen head and are "the people's enemy." He also informs us that a number of swindling "clubs" exist in Holland. "But," he writes, "what Jim says about the women is pure bosh. He has evidently not met with the gainly, healthy and good-looking farmer girls, neither gained admittance in the circles of the better-class families. What he says certainly applies to the townsfolk of the lower class, but is the Borough or Islington so much better?" Here is a Dutchman who possesses a certain spirit of toleration andwe raise Jim's hat to him with all due respect.

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We have received from Messrs. T. J. and J. Smith, Ltd., a parcel of specimens of their "Self-Registering" Diaries. These are made in eight different sizes and ten different quality bindings, the prices ranging from 9d. to 20s. each, and are thus suited to all requirements. A traveller's insurance coupon for £1,000 is issued in connection with the diaries on liberal terms.

A Good Tonic.—There can be no question that Zedex for the nerves, now so largely advertised, has the entire approval of the medical profession for the hundred and one symptoms of the curse of this country, neurasthenia. Particularly during the next strenuous week of political activities, some of our poor old legislators ought to purchase a box or two. We hope, however, Zedex, though bracing the nerves, won't increase the flood of oratory.

## "JOHN BULL'S" Christmas Presents.

### Unique Scheme of Distribution.

The circulation of John Bull is gradually, but very surely, making its way to the record figure of

**ONE MILLION COPIES WEEKLY.**

We want to accomplish that feat by the end of the present year—or, at the very latest, by the end of May next, when the journal will be five years old.

Will you help us? There is no limit to the ways in which you can do so. You may pass your copy on to a friend, when you have read it, with a recommendation to take us regularly in future; you may buy a second, or even a third or fourth copy, and send it to some acquaintance who may not at present be amongst our readers; in fact, you may, if you will, become our constant friend and canvasser.

Now, we are not of an ungrateful disposition. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and one good turn deserves another. We *must* have that Million Circulation. Well, *Christmas is coming*, and ON CHRISTMAS EVE WE WILL DISTRIBUTE

**£2,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS.**

*AMONGST THOSE READERS WHO HAVE HELPED US MOST.*

We leave the method entirely to them. All we ask them to do is to send us, from time to time, one of the Coupons which will be found below, acquainting us of what they are doing.

To be entitled to participate in the Distribution, all you have to do is to push our sales, *in your own way*, between now and

**DECEMBER 20th,**

and to send in, *not later than that date*—and as often as you like in the meantime—in an envelope addressed to "The Editor, John Bull, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.," and marked in the left-hand corner, "Christmas Present Distribution"—one of the Coupons printed below. There is no necessity to cut out the subjoined coupon before passing the copy on to a friend, as one coupon sent from time to time will suffice for a general report.

*We cannot enter into correspondence with individual readers respecting this scheme, nor can we send parcels of specimen copies for distribution by competitors.*

**Coupon.—Christmas Present Distribution.**

I have assisted to bring the circulation of John Bull up to *One Million Copies* in the following manner:

*Here describe what you have done, as shortly as possible.*

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10/12/10.


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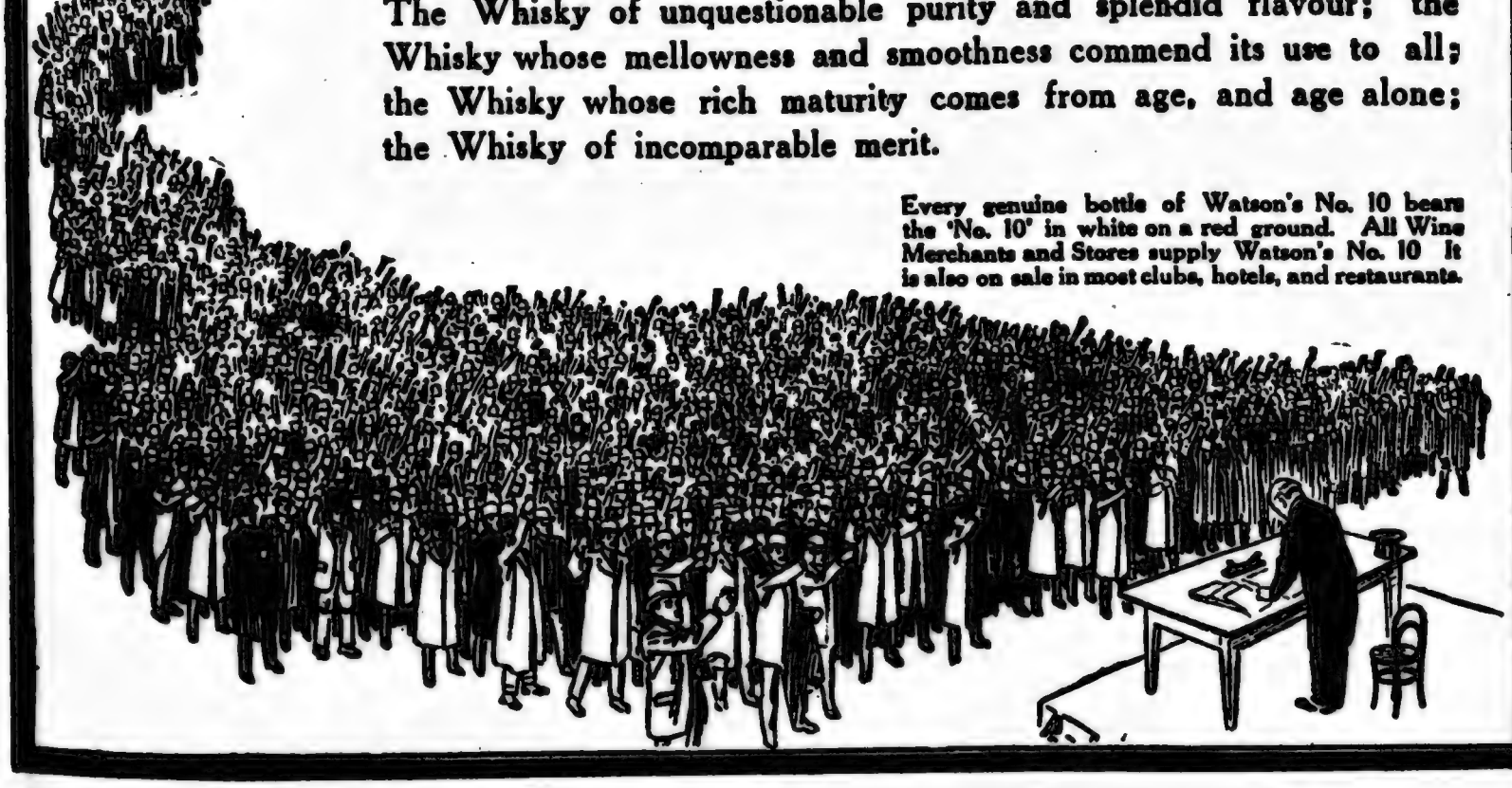
The Whisky of unquestionable purity and splendid flavour; the Whisky whose mellowness and smoothness commend its use to all; the Whisky whose rich maturity comes from age, and age alone; the Whisky of incomparable merit.

Every genuine bottle of Watson's No. 10 bears the 'No. 10' in white on a red ground. All Wine Merchants and Stores supply Watson's No. 10 It is also on sale in most clubs, hotels, and restaurants.



## THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Decorating Clementine."

Dear me—what is the use of attempting to speak English with so foreign an accent? Who on earth can understand the strange lingo? We have no dictionary in this country which can possibly translate to the Anglicised mind the real significance of that much-coveted decoration the "Legion d'Honneur"—the scarlet emblem of all artistic France's ambition—the tiny atom of "blood-red red" that Sarah Bernhardt still craves for—and probably it was her ardent longing to possess this tribute "for art's sake" alone—that caused the foundation stone to be laid of "Le Bois Sacré" by Armand de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, produced with such a truthful yet humorous side of serious things at the Variétés in Paris.

But because, say, for instance, Mr. Claude Phillips, a learned trustee of the wonderful Wallace collection, picks up a rare specimen of old Worcester, and sends it to a museum as a priceless treasure—is it reasonable to expect every foreigner who sees it to know what ware it is, and gauge its intrinsic value? Such an enviable "button-hole" as the Legion d'Honneur is not to be found here, and its equivalent is non-existent.

It is not Gladys Unger's fault then if she has failed to make the French play—and it is pretty hot stuff I can assure you—comprehensive to the average English intelligence. Miss Unger couldn't have dispensed with the whole *raison d'être* of the three act farce at the Globe theatre, for that would have meant writing an entirely new play—so in these unfortunate circumstances the adaptor has done her best, and after (by order of the censor) picking out the "spicy-bits" has presented us with a glimpse of Parisian life as seen through dim and smoky spectacles.

To us the idea seems impossible—nay, even stupid—the whole drawing is out of perspective, and as perplexing as though it were being shown upside down.

The slender taper-waisted French actress—Eve Lavalliére—who created the amorous character of Adrienne Morel in Paris is represented at the Globe by Doris Keane for whom the two words dainty and alluring might have been especially coined.

Hattie Williams as Clementine proves herself a first rate comedy artist, and G. P. Huntley is as quietly quaint and droll as ever as Count Zakouskine.

But for all the good acting in "Decorating Clementine," the Anglo-American version of "Le Bois Sacré" is such a feeble echo of the original that it is rather like listening to the libretto of a comic opera without any music.

"A White Man."

Being a more than usually disagreeable evening, with the rain splashing from the leaden skies in one long drenching downpour, I took a ramble out to the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, to see once more Milton Royle's romance of Western America, and was well rewarded, for I ran up against a young fellow, Frank Petley, who was playing the part of Jim Carston—the character Waller took when the drama was produced at the Lyric Theatre. I hear that Miss Ethel Irving is on the "look out" for a leading man to take to Australia when she tours there with "Dame Nature." I wonder if she has seen Frank Petley? He is a handsome, powerful, virile actor, with a fine presence and beautiful voice. He has force, he has tears, he has experience—he is natural, and altogether unstagey. He plays his scenes like clockwork without any pausing or hesitation. Miss Irving is an able actress—here is an able actor she can play up to.

George Edwardes.

So Rex George, of the musical comedy world, is threatening to plunge us all again into mourning by declaring that he is about to "retire from active service." What nonsense, George!—you've frightened us like this before, you know—besides there's plenty of time for you to *talk* of unbuckling your armour in 1930, for you have at least another good twenty years of activity left in that manly frame of yours. And talking of George Edwardes, I was at the Canterbury Music Hall last week—what a splendid show to be sure Mr. Ernest Lepard always gives his public!—and I came across one of the Gaiety favourites doing a "turn" there, Miss Violet Lloyd—do you remember her?—a sister to Miss Florence Lloyd, who is now touring with that nasty entertainment, "A Woman in the Case." Violet Lloyd's contribution to the Canterbury programme is well worth seeing—she and her "companion in crime" call themselves the "Merry Buskers," and Miss Lloyd's skit, "The Girl in the Hobble Skirt," is one of the funniest things ever seen. She is immense in it.

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In reference to the "Human Document" in our issue of Novr. 26th Messrs. E. Mordan and Co., of 326, City Road, the well-known makers of Azuryte Ink and Mordan's Gold Pens, write to inform us that theirs is not the firm which employed the man in question.

One of the prettiest children's books this Christmas is the revised 3s. 6d. edition of Lady Arthur's "Dream of Hazy Cream." With its new cover, and its profusion of illustrations, drawn by Sir Bartle Frere's artistic daughter, it is even more attractive than last year, and one of its claims to notice is that it was accorded the rare honour of dedication to the Princess of Wales—now Her Majesty Queen Mary.

## The John Bull League.

### BRANCH REPORTS.

Bristol.—All the arrangements are now completed for the great meeting to-morrow (Friday) night at the Colston Hall to be addressed by the President and ex-Lieutenant Sutor, and a monster attendance is anticipated. The doors will be opened to the general public at 7 p.m., from which hour until the commencement of the proceedings a recital on the grand organ will be given by Mr. Geo. Riseley. The John Bull League song will be sung by Mr. Stewart Gardner, from the Royal Albert Hall, London. All the seats will be free and unreserved except the grand tier and a few rows of the area, which have been allotted to members and their friends. In the event of any tickets being available at the last moment application should be made to the Local Secretary, Mr. W. P. Franham, at the Royal Hotel, College Green, between 4 and 6 p.m. on the day of the meeting.

Manchester.—Ex-Lieutenant Sutor makes his *début* to-night (Thursday) at the Memorial Hall. Judging by the correspondence which has reached us, the greatest possible interest is being aroused, and we anticipate the capacity of the hall will be taxed to the uttermost. The doors open at 7.30 p.m., and the chair will be taken punctually at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—This recently formed branch has lost no time in getting actively to work, and the committee announce that a public meeting and concert will be held in the Lees Hall, Nelson Street, Vicar Lane, Leeds, on Thursday next, December 15th. A most attractive programme will be provided, several first-class artistes having been secured, and Mr. W. B. Russell, the acting chairman of the branch, will preside. The doors open at 7 o'clock, and the proceedings will commence at 7.30.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The usual monthly meeting was held on December 1st at the Hotspur Hotel, Newcastle, when an extremely interesting address was given by Miss Annie Williams, the local organiser of the Women's Social and Political Union, on the subject of "Women's Suffrage." The replies of the local Parliamentary candidates to the questions submitted to them by the committee were read to the meeting.

Leicester.—A concert, whist drive and supper has been arranged by the committee to be held at Winn's Café, Market Place, Leicester, on Thursday next, December 15th, to commence at 8 p.m. The chair will be taken by Mr. W. F. MacAllister Hewlings, Chairman of the Branch. Tickets, price 1s. 6d., may be obtained from the Hon. Local Secretary, Mr. E. Pinder, 6, Bakewell Street.

Loughborough.—Will all interested in the John Bull League in Loughborough and district please communicate with the Hon. Local Secretary, Mr. F. W. Bloore, 6, Wharncliffe Road, Loughborough, who is desirous of forming an active branch?

West Hartlepool.—A whist drive was held on Wednesday, November 23rd, at the Waldon Street Hall, when a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. W. Taylor sang the League song, and the Local Chairman, Councillor Hussey, made a capital speech on the objects of the League. The prizes were distributed to the winners by Mrs. Hussey.

Hull.—Arrangements are being made for a smoking concert at the White Horse Hotel, Carr Lane, on Friday, January 20th. Further particulars will be announced in due course.

Brighton.—A very successful smoking concert was held at the Unicorn Hotel, North Street, on Tuesday, November 29th, which was very largely attended. The local Chairman, Councillor E. Jarvis, presided, and in the absence, through indisposition, of Councillor Colbourne, dealt in a very able speech with the objects of the League, and with a recent case of gross injustice to a police constable—the facts in connection with which he said the Committee had fully verified and reported to headquarters. The programme was both varied and refined, and the contributions of the many talented artistes were much appreciated. A very satisfactory increase in membership resulted, and the branch is to be congratulated on the successful opening of its campaign.

**APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.**

The General Secretary,
67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the
JOHN BULL LEAGUE,
and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

..... .....

WHAT

# Celebrities Say

about

# SANATOGEN

Over twelve thousand doctors have written in praise of Sanatogen.

Thirty thousand doctors throughout the world are known to prescribe it.

Hundreds of thousands of people have been restored from conditions of grave illness to complete health by its use. Among them are many well-known men and women who have voluntarily testified to the debt they owe Sanatogen in restoring their health.

A selection from their letters is published below.

**The ex-Bishop of Norwich:**

"Mrs. Sheepshanks is taking Sanatogen regularly, and deriving great benefit from it."

**Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P.:**

"I think it only right to say that I have tried Sanatogen, and I believe it to be a most excellent food."

**Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.:**

"I have used Sanatogen with extraordinary benefit. It is to my mind a true food tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigour to the overworked body and mind."

**Madame Sarah Grand**

The gifted Authoress: "Sanatogen has done everything for me which it is said to be able to do for cases of nervous debility and exhaustion. I began to take it after nearly four years' enforced idleness from extreme debility, and felt the benefit almost immediately."

**Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower,**

The Sculptor and Historian: "I feel it only due to the benefit conferred on my general health by Sanatogen to write and inform those interested in that wonderful medicine that in a couple of months' time it has cured me of all gouty trouble."

**Mr. Max Pemberton,**

The Author: "I have been taking Sanatogen since the beginning of the year, and would not be without it under any circumstances whatever."

**Mr. E. F. Benson,**

The well-known Author: "I have tried Sanatogen, and believe it to be an excellent tonic."

**The Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan:**

"Sanatogen promises when you are run down to pick you up. It does so."

**Sir William Bull, M.P.:**

"I have much pleasure in stating that I consider your preparation, Sanatogen, is of decided value. It performs that which it promises to do, and I have recommended it to several friends."

**Mr. Hall Caine,**

The celebrated Author: "My experience of Sanatogen has been that as a nerve tonic food, it has on more than one occasion done me good."

**Mr. Henry Arthur Jones,**

The famous Dramatist: "Sanatogen seems to me a very valuable food and nerve tonic. I have several times taken a course of it when I've been run down, and always with excellent results."

**Mr. Eden Phillpotts,**

The well-known Writer: "Sanatogen appears to be of real value to the brain worker, a useful food and tonic combined. I can give it high praise from personal experience."

**Maxwell Gray,**

The Writer: "I have found Sanatogen helpful in digestive troubles and nervous weakness. I have taken it from time to time under medical advice."

**Mr. Walter Crane,**

The Authority on Decorative Art: "In recovering from a rather sharp attack of influenza I certainly found Sanatogen beneficial to its effects."

Sanatogen can be obtained from all chemists, in tins, from 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d. An exceedingly interesting pamphlet containing much valuable information will be sent, post free, to those mentioning JOHN BULL, on receipt of a postcard addressed to The Sanatogen Company, 12, Chenies-street, London, W.C.



# BUCHANAN'S
## Scotch Whisky

## "BLACK & WHITE."



"The Premier Foods of Their Class."

See *Medical Times* June 26th, 1909.

## PLASMON OATS.

SCOTLAND'S BEST. "Enormously increased in food value by the addition of Plasmon."—*Lancet.*

**4 minutes' boiling only required.**

**6d. per packet.**

"Simply Magnificent."—Sir J. C. . . . . , M.D.

## PLASMON COCOA.

"Much greater nutritive value than ordinary cocoa."—*British Medical Journal*, Feb 19th, 1910.

Perfection of Flavour. In Tins at 6d., 1s, 4d., and 2s. 6d.

Plasmon is used by the Royal Family.



## Is BALDNESS HEREDITARY?

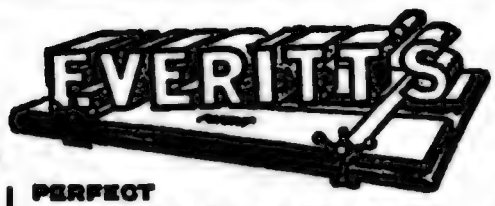
It may be, but if men would look after their Hair, avoid drenching it with cold water and not keep it without nourishment they would avoid the loss of it later in life; nothing equals

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL for the HAIR

because it Preserves, Nourishes and Beautifies it, prevents it falling off or turning grey, eradicates Scurf and Dandruff, and as it **penetrates** to the **roots** it makes up for the loss of the natural oil in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. It is sold in 3 sizes to suit everybody's requirements by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.



"PRESENTS THAT PLEASE MEN."

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Everitt's

**TROUSERS TREES**

PRICE **1/9** PER.

Postage 3d. extra.

Simply Slip into the Trousers Legs.

List "B 14" post free.

PERFECT

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From **5/-** to **25/-** each

THE SIMPLEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE PRESSES OBTAINABLE.

PRESS AND BOOT CABINET in Fine Oak, complete, from 31/6.

The Best Tailors and Hosiers stock Everitt's Specialities, but if we have no agent in your district we will supply direct.

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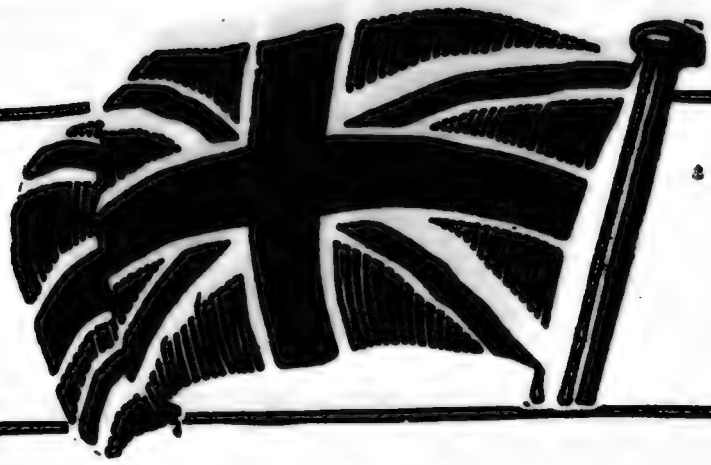
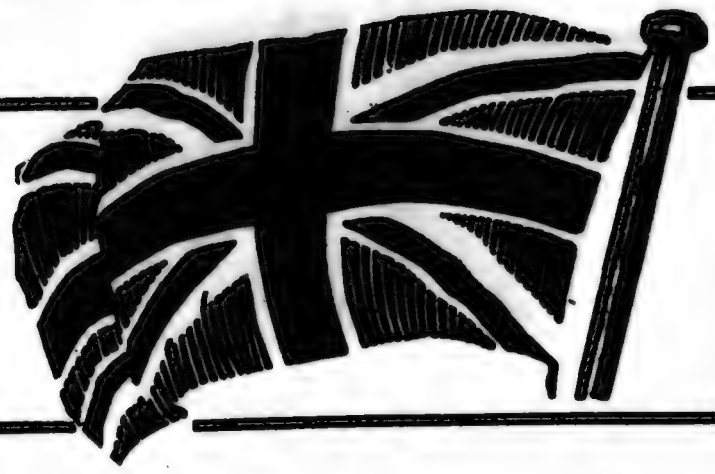


# REFORM OR REVOLUTION?

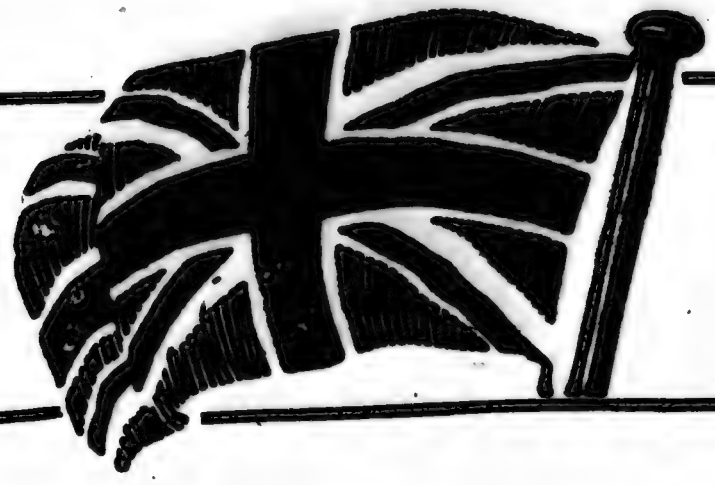
**The issue is one between Single-Chamber Government and a reformed Second Chamber. Under the Radical proposals, if the Government of the day can retain a majority even of one member for two years, they can exercise absolute power**

UNIONISM MEANS SAFETY



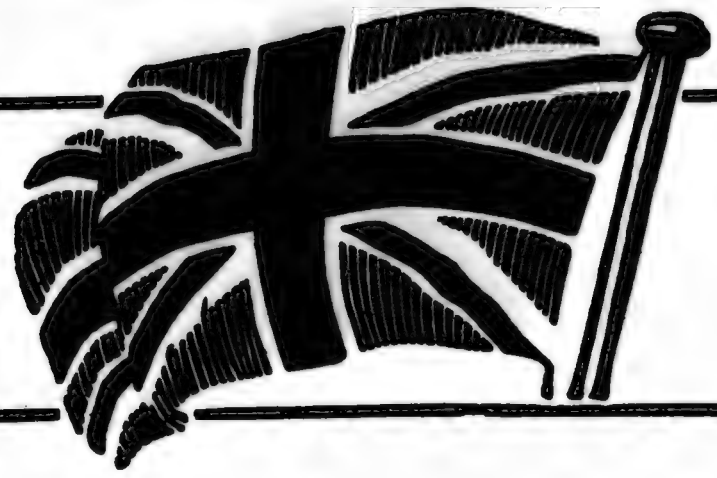
in every direction without the possibility of interference from any quarter, and without the possibility of any appeal to the people against their decision. The Unionist Party stand for a reform of the House of Lords which will bring it into direct touch with the people. By this

UNIONISM
MEANS
SAFETY



**means the will of the people shall prevail and not the will of a self-elected Cabinet run by the Party Machine. The Radical Government have refused to allow the Veto Bill to be discussed in the House of Lords, and have thus**

UNIONISM
MEANS
SAFETY



**prevented full details of the proposed reforms being put before the country. Your vote at this election will decide whether this country is to be governed by one Chamber or two; whether there is to be reform or revolution.**

UNIONISM
MEANS
SAFETY

## BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Was Dissolution the best solution?
Is the Unionist policy now Albert Hall-marked?
What does William O'Brien think of Redmond's "haul-for-Ireland" move?
Won't the Ulster men do more 'arm than good?
Isn't the heading, "Navy Crammers," a sure sign of an election?
Hasn't Sir John been caught Benn-ding?
Was Mr. Churchill's reply to the Manchester challenge, "Had some"?
Isn't "snap—and snarl" election a better description?
Why do the Suffragettes persist in spelling "goal"—"g-a-o-l"?
Isn't the Irish plaint rather a "dollar us" one?

Lord Rosebery speaks of the "Spectre of Socialism." But spectres can usually be "seen through."

Eighty people have been injured in an election riot in Cork. The Irish certainly do need "self control."

"Whale Sold by Auction," reads a heading. The purchaser certainly got a lot for his money.

"Fogs" was a recent topic at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument. We trust the subject was made clear.

"The Portrait" is the name of a new one-act play. It should be a good draw.

"If London goes a Liberal inch the country will go a Liberal ell," says the *Leader*. Hasn't a "to" been left out?

The fact that five Willesden undertakers were recently summoned for non-payment of rates proves that undertaking is a dying industry.

Of the drama, Miss Gladys Unger says, "It has a tendency to go to bed." It certainly wants waking up.

A Wesleyan bazaar at Croydon was opened by phonograph. Quite a record, we imagine.

The Stockport grocer who was fined for selling Dutch bacon as Irish now says it was only 'gammon.

The statement that holly is scarce leaves us unmoved; it is the mistletoe scares we object to.

"Guarding Mr. Lloyd George," reads a headline. But we fancy he can take care of himself.

A parody, "The Song of Redmond," in a contemporary, is signed "M. T. P." Is the full name M. T. Pate?

The French comic artists are threatening to strike. If they do, it will be "no joke" for the poor editor.

"The Kaiser's Right," says a *Mail* heading. But fancy them admitting it!

Ex-Lieutenant H. C. Woods has been appointed a British Vice-Consul. Forward, Mr. Sutor!

Mustard in the food of hens increases their laying powers, we are told. Too much, however, we presume, would result in hard-boiled eggs.

"Music, to be heard to perfection, should be heard in absolute darkness," says Mr. Tilson Young. Ball-room couples found that out years ago.

"Mr. Postman" won a race at Leicester. The other horses got the knock.

The officer who biplaned from Brooklands to Aldershot, and arrived in time for breakfast, must have got up early.

Petrol can now be solidified, we are told. If they could only make some of the recent oil companies "solid," too!

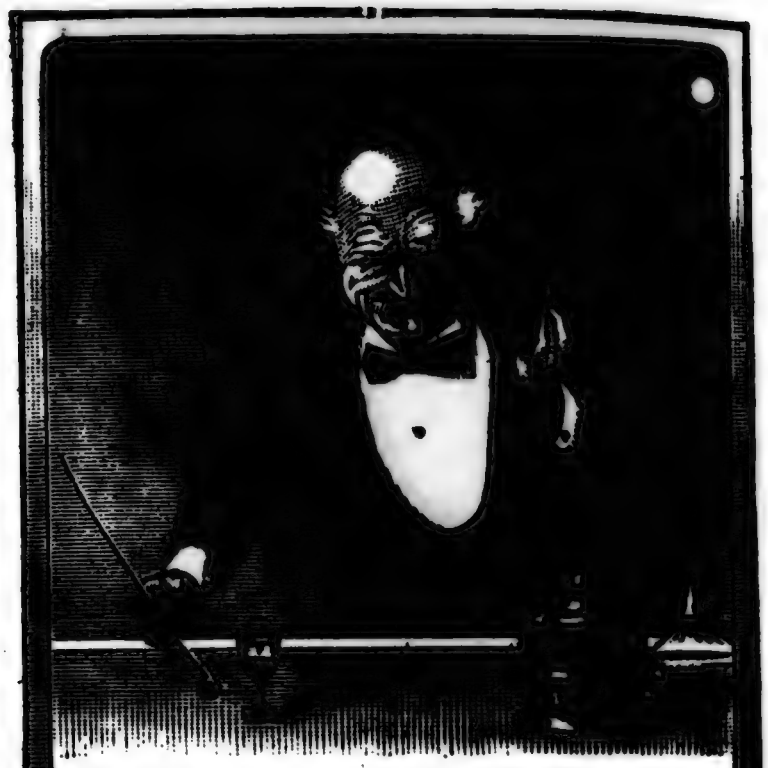
Christmas puddings are to cost more this year. They usually are a "heavy" item.

The new Mayor of High Wycombe, who is a barber, should remember, when he speaks, to "cut it short."

The heading, "Encyclopædia Dinners," strongly suggests a bit of everything, or in another word, "hash."

France is considering the issue of a halfpenny with a hole in it. Here, the Government makes a hole in all our money.

BOOKS TO BE SHELVED:—
"There is Nothing New." The book is convincing.
"The Breaking Day." A sequel to "The Fall of Night," we presume?
"Chains." An excellent binding.
"October Vagabonds." Should be given a trial.
"The Cradle of the Deep." Sent us to sleep.
"The Goldsmith of Chepe." Not dear.
"The Man in the Dark." The hero's views are vague.
"A Book of Nimble Beasts." We itched to read it.
"Cambridge." A Blue Book.
"The Witch's Kitchen." We are "fed up" with this sort of thing.

TO the smoker of appreciative palate there is a charm in

**Chairman**

that is without parallel. Its fragrance is pleasing, its flavour wholly satisfying, and its smoking so peculiarly cool that it never burns the tongue, however much it is smoked.

**Boardman's**

is the same tobacco milder, and

**Recorder**

the same but fuller flavoured.

6d. per oz. in 1 and 2 oz. packets and larger tins, from tobacconists everywhere.

Cartridges—CHAIRMAN & BOARDMAN'S

6½d. per oz. everywhere.

R. J. Lea, Ltd., Manchester.

16a

# WHY I SMILE.

I happen to be one of those men who are always fit and well. No one sees me going about with a sore head and sighing like a lovesick maiden. I work hard and play hard and enjoy life all the time. Men come to me and say: "You always look cheerful, how do you manage it?" "By keeping well," I answer. "And how do you always keep well?" Then I smile.

I give such inquirers one answer. I observe some plain, sane rules of living which will keep any man well. They will keep a woman well, too. All that I say of man nearly always applies to the woman as well. I give them what I call the Turkish Bath Man's Creed of Health—ten plain rules of health. I find it a simple thing to follow them. They keep me well.

Everyone knows that the gospel I preach is right. But everyone will not carry it out. My creed is the common creed of all who study disease. At this time of the day no one considers a single suggestion in this creed cranky. But people will not carry these suggestions out.

Here is an offer—it costs you nothing. Send me your address. I will send you a card with my creed neatly printed on it. I will send it for nothing. Hang it in your bathroom; read it every morning—do it every day. You will soon begin to realise why I smile. These rules are all easy—even the Turkish Bath. I sell a Turkish Bath which folds up into small compass and can be packed away in any corner. It can be made ready in a minute, and you can enjoy a Turkish bath at any hour of the day, in your bed or bathroom. I promise this of my Turkish Bath. It will induce the free perspiration which is necessary for health. It will act exactly on your system as does a public Turkish Bath. And you won't have to sit in a hot room with other nude, perspiring people, a deterrent to many who would take Turkish Baths.

This is what happens in a Turkish Bath. You perspire freely. Every tiny pore begins to act. The blood sends forth its impurities through the pores of the skin. It goes to its task of building up the body, cleared and purified through the action of the Turkish Bath. If you have Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica—pain caused by the solidifying of acids in the blood—the Gem Turkish Bath will give you relief and cure by sweating the acid out of you.

This is not what I say—it *is* so. The truth is, the modern doctor is beginning to believe that Turkish Bathing is the only method of dealing with the uric acid family of diseases. Hundreds of doctors now use and recommend my cabinet.

If you desire to be well, send for my Creed and live up to it. Send for my Gem Turkish Bath and use it. You will be a better man in a month, if you have nothing organically wrong with you, when you start living according to my rules.

These are my terms. The Bath costs 30s. You can pay in one sum in cash on my guarantee that the Gem Bath will do what I say it does, and if it does not, and you say so within seven days, I return your 30s.; or you can make an initial payment of 10s., and pay me five monthly instalments of 4s. 6d. By this method of easy payment I do not give a free trial, and the Bath costs you 32s. 6d., but it is worth every penny of it. I cannot make you a fairer offer. I am a trader, and want a profit on what I sell. But if you test the Bath and think it unsatisfactory, I will refund your money. Fill in the coupon and send, with remittance, to my Company, and the cabinet will be sent you by return; or write a postcard and ask for a free copy of my 100-page book and "My Creed of Health."

**THE TURKISH BATH MAN.**

*John Bull, 10/12/10.*

THE GEM N SUPPLIES CO., LTD.,
22, PEAR TREE STREET, GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Enclosed please find M.O., value 30s., for which send me a No. 1 Bath Cabinet complete, on the understanding that, if not satisfied, I can return the Cabinet within ten days, and you will refund my money.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

# Try Before You Buy

**This Coupon entitles you to 14 Days' Free Inspection.**

A personal offer to every reader of "John Bull" for 14 days' free inspection. If you wish to take advantage of this unique opportunity, fill in and sign this coupon and enclose 2/6 as deposit. If unsatisfactory, money to be refunded IN FULL. We pay postage. (Signed) W. BARRATT & CO., Ltd.

Boots No.....Size.....Width.....
Name .....
Address .....

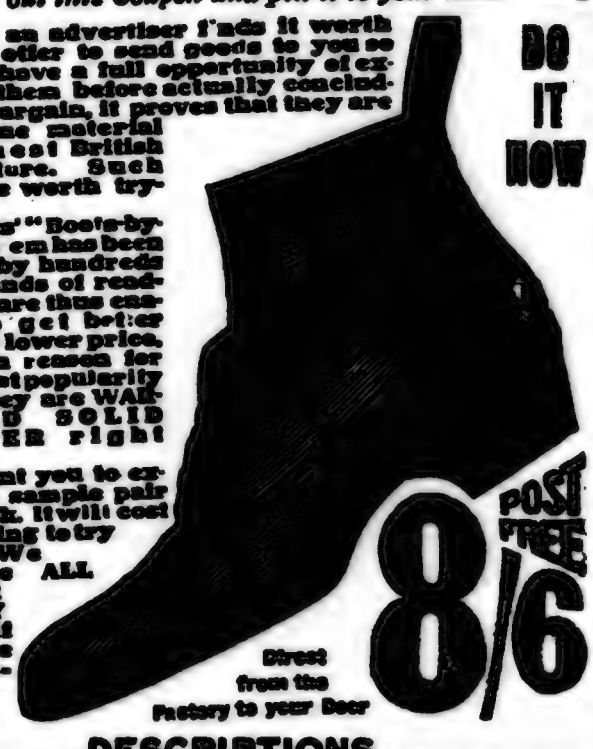
*Cut out this Coupon and pin it to your letter.*

When an advertiser finds it worth while to offer to send goods to you so that you have a full opportunity of examining them before actually concluding the bargain, it proves that they are of genuine material and honest British manufacture. Such goods are worth trying.

Barratts' "Boots-by-Post" system has been adopted by hundreds of thousands of readers who are thus enabled to get better boots at a lower price. The main reason for their great popularity is that they are WARRANTED SOLID LEATHER right through.

We want you to examine a sample pair at our risk. It will cost you nothing to try them. We guarantee ALL YOUR MONEY BACK if you are not satisfied.

DO IT NOW



POST FREE 8/6

Direct from the Factory to your Door

## DESCRIPTIONS.

**No. 1617.—BOX CALF BOOT, 8/6.**—Splendid Box Calf Uppers, straight goloch, no outside seam, unbreakable jockey back, toecapped (as illustrated), best linen lined, specially selected, hard wearing solid leather sole, sewn. Best make and finish throughout.

**No. 1717.—GLACE KID BOOT, 8/6.**—Exactly same style and quality as above, but slightly lighter in weight.

**No. 1417.—BROWN WILLOW CALF, 8/6.**—A magnificent boot. Rich nut-brown shade and warranted real "Willow" Calf.

**THE "BARRATT" SYSTEM OF SIZES AND WIDTHS.**

GENTLEMEN'S "Footshape" Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender foot); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

**Altogether you have 32 different sizes and widths to select from.**

*If size is not known, send an old boot, or draw outline of stockinged foot on paper. (Outline of boot is of no use.)*

**WE GUARANTEE PERFECT FIT OR MONEY BACK. YOU TAKE NO RISK. DO IT NOW.**

## W. BARRATT & CO., Ltd.,

The World's Leading "Boots-by-Post" Specialists

**(Desk 66), Sterling Works, NORTHAMPTON.**

## XMAS GIFT BARGAINS!

Send postcard to-day for H. Samuel's Free Book of Xmas Bargains, in Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Plate, Leather and Fancy Goods. Everything at FACTORY PRICES. Full month's trial allowed.

Free Prizes for all purchasers. Write Now!
H. SAMUEL, Market St., Manchester.

18/-

Full-size Silver Plated Tea-Pot, Queen Anne Pattern. 12s. Large Selection.

SAVE HALF YOUR BUTCHER'S BILLS and buy direct from the farmers. Best English Mutton—Loins, saddles, shoulders, 8d.; legs, 9d.; necks, 7½d. Beef—Silverside, 7½d.; top side, 8½d.; sirloin and ribs, 8½d.; rump steak, 1s; brisket, 5½d. Orders 4s. free delivered London; 10s. country. Hampers free. Cash on delivery.—The Direct Supply Stores (Ltd.), 6, Holborn Circus, London.

The Sphere Suspender

For Men's wear. Also suitable styles for Ladies' wear. British and Best. The smartest and most comfortable suspender in the world; Prices 1/- to 2/6, on sale everywhere. If unable to procure send P.O. with 1d. for postage to SPHERE SUSPENDER CO., LEICESTER. *Illustrated Folder Free.*

## JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

*CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," AND ONLY* THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

*AUTHORS and* ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

*The* EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

C. J. H. (Cape Town).—Your postal order for the Fresh Air Fund has been forwarded to the secretary of that deserving charity.

J. McG. (Cushendall) also complains of the business methods of May, trading as "Norman and Co., wholesale merchants, Birmingham." He says that although his P.O. for 5s. was cashed on 7th October, the "Company" signing for the money, no goods have come to hand. The Birmingham police say they have had many complaints, but for some inscrutable reason have taken no proceedings.

F. A. (Tamworth) and others.—The Typhoon Mission is an obscure concern conducted, apparently, for the benefit of its officials, who are subject to no proper control by a committee. We can quite understand the reason for it confining its efforts to remote parts of the country.

"LONDONER" (Southwark) has been squabbling with a pawnbroker over 4d. But something must be charged for paper and string and running about after carriers.

F. S. (Lowdham) wants to know how his 11-year-old boy came to receive a lottery circular from Hamburg. But this is a precocious age.

"SMALL FARMER."—Of course, we do not encourage thieving by poachers, but we do not think they ought to be more harshly treated than other dishonest persons, simply because feudal magistrates have strong prejudices.

J. W. (Bordon Camp) writes:

"Don't want your bike, your notes, not me,
I get my value for one D."

F. T. C. (West Ealing) complains that Messrs. Caw and Co., of Carlisle, failed to send him a sample box of biscuits for which he had entrusted them with 3d. The cruel wretches!

C. G. S. (Goswell Road) asks whether we are aware that the well-known patriot General Baden Powell recommends the installation of foreign made gymnastic apparatus in schools. We should not be surprised.

A. C. D. (Paddington) found five £1 blank postal orders in a tramcar, and hastened to take them to Moor Lane Police Station. After being kept waiting for three-quarters of an hour he was informed by the inspector in charge that he was liable to a fine of 40s. for not giving them to the conductor. Four days later he received a letter from a lady in West Kensington saying, "I do not know how to thank you enough for your great kindness in returning my postal orders, as it would have been a very great loss to me. I was nearly distracted when I found out my loss, and I had fully made up my mind never to find them again. I must again thank you very, very much, and shall do my best to send something in return for your very great kindness." He has reminded her of her gratitude without result, and is now wondering whether honesty is the best policy after all. But surely he would not have taken money from a lady.

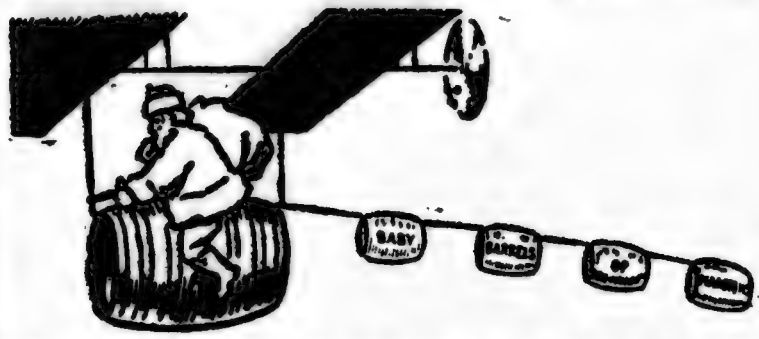
W. W. W. (Gunjapur) is our immense admirer, but feels unhappy when he reads piffle about the Savarkar incident in his favourite paper. Surely the Indian Empire will be more safely conducted on friendly lines.

"WATCHING" begins:—"You will be angry at me wasting your valuable time." Not at all, for we do not read anonymous letters.

J. H. (Great Yarmouth).—We are afraid we cannot tell you the name of the Cabinet Minister who lost his trousers on the way back to London. But the story comes from a Welsh paper, by George!

H. O. (Pentwynn) says he has at last extorted his money from Clifford Turner, football accountant, Holland, after many threats. He is lucky, for about fifty thousand other readers inform us they cannot obtain payment of the odds due to them.

(*Continued on page* 954.)


**Something New in Xmas Gifts.**

As a gift a baby-barrel of Marston's would create pleasurable surprise—because of the satisfaction it would afford and the fact that it is something new in gifts. To the recipient it would be a luxury, for a glass of Marston's direct from the "wood" is a delight that can only be realised by those who have experienced it.

**MARSTON'S BURTON ALE**

*As supplied to the House of Lords.*

We will send carriage paid to any home in the Kingdom a sample 9-gallon Cask of Bitter Ale, 10/6; Pale Ale, 12/6; or "Owd Rodger" Ale, 15/-, to anyone enclosing postal order for amount. When delivered as a gift to a friend, sender's visiting or Christmas card will be sent with advice note and forwarded in time for Christmas Day. We send, at same time, name of our nearest agent. Orders to be in time for Christmas should be forwarded at once.

**MARSTON, THOMPSON and EVERSHED, Ltd.,**
(Dept. 2), BURTON-ON-TRENT.

*London Stores: 77-85, Pancras Road, N.W.*

**Cold Weather**

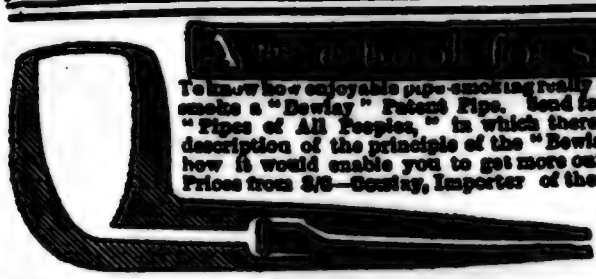
Demands warm clothing. Look out your winter suits, your winter overcoats betimes; send them off—no matter how shabby—to be dry-cleaned in the Achille Serre way.

Within four days that suit, that overcoat will be returned, spotless, creaseless, and ready for immediate smart wear.

The cost is only 3/9 for a suit, and 5/- for a thick, 3/9 for a thin, overcoat; and the result always surpasses our clients' expectation.

Write to-day for free booklet "Clothes and the Man," and address of nearest branch or agent.

**Achille Serre, Ltd.**
**WHITE POST LANE, HACKNEY WICK, E.**
'Phone 1265 East.
Carriage Paid one way on Orders sent direct.



**A Present for Smokers**

To know how enjoyable pipe-smoking really can be you should smoke a "Bowley" Patent Pipe. Send for our free booklet, "Pipes of All Peoples," in which there is an interesting description of the principle of the "Bowley" Patent. Read how it would enable you to get more out of your tobacco. Prices from 2/6—Gentry, Importer of the Flor de Dindigul Cigar, 49, Strand, London, W.C.

(Est. 160 Years.)

**"Fazenda" Coffee**

1/6 PER lb. GUARANTEED PURE BY THE STATE OF SAN PAULO (BRAZIL)

For all diseases of

# CHEST, THROAT and LUNGS

Take Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

## A NURSE'S ADVICE.

NURSE BRADSHAW, 11, Hill Street, Garnethill, Glasgow, a fully certificated professional nurse, writes:—"I advise every mother, patient, and friend to keep Veno's Lightning Cough Cure in their home. It is a marvellous cure for coughs, colds, and chronic chest troubles, and I can in every way thoroughly recommend it. I myself suffered for six weeks from a severe bronchial cough, which troubled me greatly, and at last tried your great remedy; after one bottle the bronchial tubes became clear, the tickling cough ceased, and after two bottles I was quite cured."

*Nurse Bradshaw.*

AWARDED GRAND PRIX & GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest & Surest Remedy for:—

COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS.

**9½d.** a bottle.

ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, CHILDREN'S COUGHS, BLOOD-SPITTING, DIFFICULT BREATHING

Larger Sizes, 1/1½ and 2/9 of all Chemists.

A Special Offer for Catarrh Sufferers accompanies each bottle.

# VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.



A Tobacco Discovery

# Nyasa

## Smoking Mixture

The superb new Tobacco from Nyasaland, British Central Africa, especially remarkable for COOL SMOKING, AROMATIC FLAVOUR, and FREE BURNING. It possesses exceptionally fine qualities, and has delighted everyone who has smoked it—you will like it.

TRY IT.

per **5D.** oz.

Or in Cartridges—Packets containing 14 ..... **5½d.**

## NYASA Cigarettes

**3d. per packet of 10**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining NYASA Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes, send a postcard to the manufacturers for addresses of the nearest tobacconists who sell them. Made solely by

R. & J. HILL, Ltd., London, E.

ESTD. 1775.

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THE NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

## "Caddie"

FOUNTAIN PEN

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FITTED WITH GOLD NIB.

*Something your Golfing Friends WILL appreciate.*

A UNIQUE PRESENT.

*Of Stationers or Sole Makers—*

JEWEL PEN Co. (Dept. B.), 102, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.



# Hunyadi János

Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

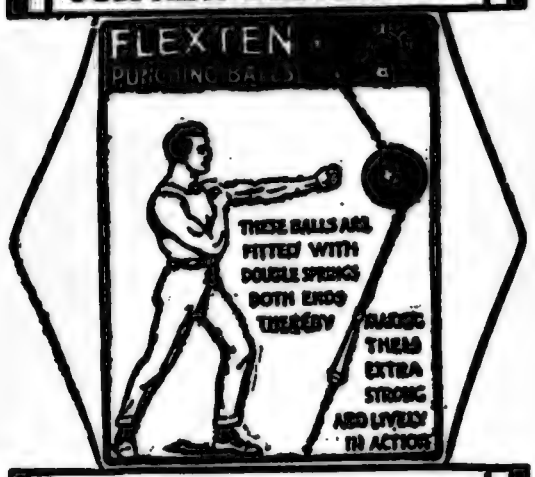
## CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

NATURAL Aperient Water



OUR NEW DEPARTURE

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"PAYMENT BY INSTALMENT PLAN."

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THE WHITELY EXERCISER, Ltd., 35/7 B, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.

# ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. [Mention this Magazine.

**Instant Relief.**

C. E. V. traverses the article on "Slavery" by Lop Ear, but he cannot surely dispute the facts collected by Lord Sanderson's Committee. That he is an out-and-out partisan appears from the fact that he says he sometimes thinks the managers of estates employing indentured coolies are really the slaves.

"Country Parson" has a very large house with opportunities for fishing and shooting, hunting, etc., and keeps a motor and carriages. He wants some paying guests to help him with his boys' education, but wisely hesitates about paying guineas to agents.

D. R. (Tilehurst) sends a warning against Glyn's Bureau (9, Argyll Place, Regent Street) who extorted a guinea on the strength of an advertisement requiring a home for two boys.

"Wembleyite" is annoyed with a Birkbeck Bank depositor who paid a telegraph boy to stand outside the doors all night, but we suppose the boy could have refused.

"An American Lady" (Birmingham) has travelled through all the civilised countries of the globe and some of the uncivilised, but considers England the worst place for staring. American ladies are evidently very sensitive and should wear veils.

E. M. (Birmingham) and a hundred others send us lottery tickets addressed to "The Junior Clerk" by the Rev. John Condon, of the Church of St. John the Baptist, Thomas Road, Dublin, and we agree that this kind of thing ought to be put down. The Postmaster-General promised us that it should be.

R. (Lambeth).—Queen Amelia is Dom Manoel's mother. We don't want to be disobliging, but do not care about answering questions of such small general interest.

Miss W. (Dublin) sends a circular of the Crownleigh Commercial Institute, Aldershot, and we agree, in the main, with her opinion that every home employment plan where you have to buy outfits is "fraudulent." These people also have addresses in Leadenhall Street and at Fulham.

S. K. (Rtlecombe) sends us a cutting to the effect that the bulk of the Spanish people "literally worship" King Alfonso. This sounds rather idolatrous. Literally, indeed!

P. G. F. sends us some circulars of the Public Tea Company, of London, which does not appear to carry out its promises of paying bonuses to clients.

W. K. W. (Sunderland) is horrified at the extravagance of the Lord Mayor's banquet, but does not tell us how he proposes to prevent civic feasting.

"A Bull Pup" (Liverpool) sent four halfpenny stamps for *The Coloniser* (15, Eldon Street, London), being attracted by an advertisement of situations abroad, but received nothing in reply. Who opens the letters?

A. W. C. (Caversham) thinks that if the Canary Islands Development Syndicate (Regent House, Regent Street) proves a paying game, people must possess a low standard of intelligence. What a discovery!

J. T. (Birmingham) inquires about the Syndicate, which seems to be run by a gentleman named Cohen.

J. A. F. (Huddersfield) has evidently been having his leg pulled. A friend of his told him that he knew Jim Crow personally, and that, instead of filling up Form IV., our contributor did not even own a rabbit hutch, habitually slept in Salvation Army shelters, and had been turned out of a Buffalo Lodge for drunkenness. J. A. F., however, says, "I love Jim, but he is a damned heathen anyway."

R. H. M. (Torquay).—It was certainly a shame to fine the man five pounds for killing a pheasant on his own land, but he ought not to have threatened to shoot the policeman on any ground.

E. A. B. (Plumstead) has heard from the Manchester Chief Constable *re* Plant and Co. of that city, saying there is nothing to show that the business is other than genuine. No doubt the Chief Constable is very busy putting down such terrible crimes as ready money betting and sleeping in the open air.

A. G. (Partick) wants us to tell him how the tricks of spiritualists are done. He had better inquire at Queen's Hall.

W. J. R. (Glasgow) advertised for a partner with £250, and received a reply from E. Newbound (20, Queen Square, Leeds), who asked for a first-class fare and £4 for his hotel bill. Newbound talked a great deal about temperance, but was seen visiting a number of public-houses. He has been at this fare-cadging game for nearly a quarter of a century.

W. G. (Cardiff) says that Emmanuel, of Clapham Road, who advertises "Russian furs for a shilling," only delivers them after all the instalments have been paid and the winter season is over.

J. R. (London) says the Commercial Advance Company (Market Street, Manchester) took fees of £2 and then of 10s. for a loan of £20, which they did not carry through. What is the other side of the question?

F. J. N. (London, S.E.) has received circulars from the Princes Trading Co. (76, Princes Street, Stockport) requiring a deposit of 5s. to authorise him to act as their agent.

T. H. C. (Glasgow) describes an experience of the three card trick in a train between Glasgow and Aberdeen, and complains that the railway officials never interfere, even when sharpers are well known to them, unless some passenger gives them information to enable them to catch the culprits in the act. We should not have thought Scotland was a very happy hunting ground for the three card trick man.

"Soldier" (Curragh) gives us a graphic description of certain incidents amongst the bandsmen of the Berkshire Regiment, and indicates that there are high old times in store for someone. But we always thought that music had charms, etc.

"Bristol Territorial" complains that the salary of the secretary of the Somerset County Association has been raised to £300, and says that, considering this gentleman is in receipt of a pension from the Army, the post could be better filled by someone who has not a pension. We agree.

Y. S. L. (Edmonton) says there is a Young Socialists' League. We hope it does not discourage sport.

W. M. (Gwelo, Rhodesia) says his town has been flooded with circulars from the London Jewel Company, Lambert Chambers, Acre Lane, London, S.W. We should not have thought that there was a great demand for faked gauds in that particular locality.

*(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)*


# A Fortunate Lady

## Nerve Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Depression—

The thing that is never forgotten, that is remembered with gratitude to the end of our days, is the help given when in great peril. Mrs. Isabel Gee remembers such help, the help that Phosferine alone gave her when, helpless with nerve paralysis, sleepless, and in an abyss of despair, she learnt that her doctors abandoned hope of curing her. Determined not to surrender finally to the unthinkable horror and suffering of nervous paralysis, Mrs. Gee commenced to take Phosferine, and experienced a benefit beyond all expectation or belief. All her life seemed changed, hope rekindled, and in a short period, the new access of nerve energy and vigour actually overcame the nerve paralysis, until to everybody's astonishment Mrs. Gee is now *able to walk a few miles daily*. The good that Mrs. Gee derived from Phosferine *goes on*, it should be remembered, and it is a good obtainable *in no other way*.

## Most effectually cured.

Mrs. Isabel Gee, 11, Lovat Road, Moor Park, Preston, Lancs., writes:—"I would like to tell you what good Phosferine is doing me. I have been suffering a serious illness from *paralysis of the nerves* and severe weakness of the spine, causing me to lose the use of my legs for eight months, and had to be lifted and carried about, and was under the treatment of five doctors.

All my friends said I should never get better. I had given myself up several times and never thought I should walk again. I was wheeled out in a bath chair for some time, then I began to use a stick, with the help of a friend, to try to walk.

I would be three and sometimes four nights without a wink of sleep, and I dreaded the night coming, for I could not sleep in the daytime, but thanks to Phosferine, I am nearly all right and like my usual self, and *can walk a few miles every day*. I can honestly say Phosferine has saved my life."—November 29, 1909.

# PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

*A PROVEN REMEDY FOR*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Neuralgia | Premature Decay | Anæmia |
| Rheumatism | Maternity Weakness | Malaria |
| Brain-fag | Nervous Headaches | Sleeplessness |
| Indigestion | Sciatica | Nervousness |

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

THE REMEDY OF KINGS.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

| | |
|---|---|
| To the Royal Family | H.M. the King of Greece |
| H.I.M. the Empress of Russia | H.M. The King of Spain |
| H.M. the Queen of Roumania | The Imperial Family of China |

And the Principal Royalty throughout the World.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size

# FOR INDIGESTION

PAINS AFTER EATING, CONSTIPATION, WIND, BILIOUSNESS HEADACHES

Those who have once had Indigestion know what a death in life it is. Indigestion causes more human misery than all other ailments combined. When pains in the stomach, chest or back, visit you after meals; when you lose your appetite, or have headaches, biliousness, constipation, and feel miserable run-down, played-out, Indigestion is wringing the life out of you. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the herbal tonic, is the remedy you need. It tones and strengthens the stomach, so that it *can* digest food, cleanses your blood, increases your vitality and gives you health and strength. Mrs. M. A. Murray, 41, Wychtree Street Morriston, Swansea, says:—"I suffered from Indigestion. I became constipated, had pains across my chest and between my shoulders, with frequent headaches, and violent pains in the region of the heart. The very first bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup did me a world of good. I had about eight bottles of the Syrup and by then my cure was complete."—14/4/10.

**TAKE—MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP**

# AND CEASE TO SUFFER

*The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.*
*Also in Tablet form, 2/9.*



A specially recommended List of

# Linenized Music Rolls

for use on your own Piano-Player or for Xmas Gifts.

| | | Net |
|---|---|---|
| "I'll Dance till de Sun Breaks Through" *Joyce* (Two-Step) | | 4/- |
| Prairie Two-Step | *L'Estrange* | 4/- |
| Moonstruck Two-Step | *Monckton* | 4/- |
| **CHOCOLATE SOLDIER** | | |
| Waltz | *Oscar Strauss* | 6/- |
| Selection | " | 6/3 |
| The Letter Song | " | 1/6 |
| Valse Septembre | *Felix Godin* | 4/- |
| Vision D'amour | *Joyce* | 5/- |
| The Quaker Girl | *Selections* | 6/3 |

Call at our Showrooms and hear these Rolls played, or send for J.B. List, post free from

**THE PERFORATED MUSIC CO., LTD.,**
**94, Regent St., London, W.**

*(Head Office, Factory—197-199, City Rd., E.C.)*

**Scottish Branch—99, Princes St., Edinburgh.**



*A Thought for To-Day.*

## THIS IS IT:

If you desire to be well-informed in business matters—one who can develop, direct, and utilise all the talents necessary to reap the fullest benefit your business or profession is capable of yielding—read the following books:—

"The Card Index."
"Systematic Memory."
"Systematic Business."
"What Editors Want."
"Advertising That Tells."
"The Art of Typewriting."
"How to do More Business."
"How to Write for the Press."
"Letters That Bring Business."
"Everyone has Something to Sell."
"How to Compose Business Letters."
"Dr. O'Connor's Esperanto Made Easy."

1/- net; or, in cloth, 1/6, net, each, post free.

**GUILBERT PITMAN, 2, Newlands, Coombe Rd., Croydon.**

Best Vulcanite Mouthpiece, scientifically constructed to minimise the pressure upon the teeth.

*This unique design, made in all the favourite patterns, ensures a thoroughly cool and comfortable smoke.*

The general excellence of this pipe will delight even the most discriminating smoker.

Price 2/6 each. (Hall-marked silver mounts).



# BULBS

**Price list of Bulbs now ready. Cheap and good.**

apply:—
CHARLES LEWIN CURTIS.
(88) Chatteris, Cambs.



# EXTRAORDINARY PROFITS.

(Made quickly in American Stocks.)

Gentlemen,

The Advertiser receives from an associate in New York absolutely correct and accurate advance information on American rails. The Advertiser has in one year made over £2,000 net profits on an initial capital of £200, and he now proposes to share this information (on mutual terms) with gentlemen desirous of adding to their incomes. Clients would deal through their own Brokers, Advertiser simply wiring when to open and when to close a deal.

RESULTS OF 6 RECENT DEALS.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bought | 100 Unions | at 158½ | closed at | 164, | profit | £195. |
| " | 100 Amal. Co. | " 56⅝ | " | " 66⅜, | " | 160. |
| " | 200 Rock Is. | " 24 | " | " 31⅛, | " | 285. |
| " | 100 Steels | " 70½ | " | " 75½, | " | 107 10. |
| " | 100 Unions | " 170⅝ | " | " 176½, | " | 120. |
| " | 100 Unions | " 178 | " | " 182½, | " | 87 10. |

Total nett profits £935 0 0.

N.B.—The above profits were made in a period of about four months and required very small capital, all dealings were on the Cover (margin) system. Gentlemen desirous to make some quick profitable transactions in American shares should write or call on

**H. G. ORMOND, 8, Leinster Square, Bayswater, London.**

FREE—Send postcard to-day for book on the "Art of Roller Skating" to Dept. 102, BROWN BROS. LTD., Gt. Eastern Street, E.C., or to the manufacturers, BRAMPTON BROS. LTD., Birmingham.

**THE EXPERT ROLLER SKATER** knows the perfect roller skate when he meets it. The World's Champion, having tried every other make, found

**BRAMPTON ROLLER SKATES**

the finest of them all. The Brampton skate is manufactured by a famous cycle fittings firm, and is the strongest, most reliable, and easiest-running roller skate made.

'Brampton' Roller Skate, with steel or boxwood wheels, adjustable model, per pair 18/-
'King o' the Rink' Patent Tubular Roller Skate, with steel or boxwood wheels, per pair 12/-.
(Also supplied with aluminium.)

All cycle and sporting goods dealers sell the 'Brampton.'



# Don't Wear a Truss

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TO-DAY.

Address—
**STUART PLASTER-PAD CO.** (Dept. P), 66-67, Shoe Lane, LONDON, E.C.

Name.....
Address .....

## RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

**Medley.**

A walk-over at 5 to 4 is frequently the jocular cry of the ring.

As somewhat an anomaly, most amateur *steeplechase* jockeys become *flat* race trainers.

It is becoming quite a by-word in racing that everything is a "job."

Many of our horses, particularly the platers, have more muscle *below* than above the knee!

The trouble with some who would bet is not to find horses to support, but reliable bookmakers to get "on" with.

How quickly news spreads on racecourses, and what a number of people there are who appear to do nothing else but carry the news as to who backs a certain horse.

Plenty of people who have been racing for years, and now rarely take an interest in the game, declare that they only gave it up when they began to "know something."

Very many of our most successful turfites in each sphere drifted into racing solely by reason of their accidental residence in close proximity to a racing stable.

Is it true that Charlie Hibbert, who is so heavily interested in the Leicester Meeting, stands at the entrance to see that nobody pays twice?

It is an absolute fact that some trainers "do in" the amount of their training bill in advance in their betting commissions through the owners for whom they train.

**Prophetic.**

What will happen at the end of this week must be substantially influenced by the results among many of the same horses while these notes were in the press. I would, therefore, only suggest that Waveland stays so well that he must about win the Gatwick Hurdle Handicap to-day (Thursday), while at Sandown Specimen's chance for the Grand Annual Hurdle Handicap is obvious, and his stable companion Exelite should, if fit and fancied, win the Ewell Handicap. Waveland crops up again in the December Handicap when Smithfield, who absented at Leicester, should take the Pond Handicap.


"Over the Sticks."

**DOUGLAS STUART,**

OF

**102-4, New Oxford Street, LONDON,**

**& FLUSHING, HOLLAND,**

allows the same terms on every event throughout the

**JUMPING SEASON**

as have made his name world famous for Flat Racing.

**NO LIMIT** combined with Place Betting even when Favourite starts "ODDS ON."

**Full Market Price Guaranteed.**

Do your regular daily business with the firm of which "John Bull" said on September 10th, 1910, "We advise all our readers to support their fancies with Douglas Stuart."

**SYSTEM SPECIALIST.**
**WITHOUT ANY COMMISSION.**

*Send a* **DEPOSIT** *for* **ANY AMOUNT** *to*

**DOUGLAS STUART,**
**FLUSHING, HOLLAND.**

Free Postage.

**H. Hamilton & Co.,**

**FLUSHING, HOLLAND.**

The oldest established reliable Football Accountants in Flushing.

**FOOTBALL.**

Send 1d. postcard for the most liberal Football price list issued. Absolutely every match in the Leagues to pick from. FREE POSTAGE.

**£10** Free offer open to all clients.

Remember that the name

**H. Hamilton & Co.**

**FLUSHING, HOLLAND.**

on a Football coupon signifies the same as the Hall Mark on a gold ring. It tells you that they are genuine.

**WALTER CHADWICK,**

**FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT.**

REFERENCES UNIMPEACHABLE

Chadwick pays BIGGER PRICES than offered elsewhere.

Write to-day for terms (1d. Postcard will do),

WALTER CHADWICK, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

**BERT FRY**

**of FLUSHING, HOLLAND, begs to inform**

the Public generally that on Saturday, Nov. 26th, 1910, he paid to over **850 FOOTBALL CLIENTS** alone, over **£1,450** in 48 hours. A certified responsible accountant's certificate of above statement will be published as soon as time permits of it.

**CHALLENGE.**

**BERT FRY,**
**FLUSHING, HOLLAND,**
will wager

**£100 to £2, or £1,000 to £10,**

that all the above statements are true in every respect. The money to be posted on both sides, in the hands of the Editor of the "Sportsman," "Sporting Life," or "Sporting Chronicle."

No Limit at Starting Price all the year round whether the favourite starts at odds on or not.

Doubles on Future Events absolutely without any limit.

Send 1d. postcard stating whether you require

**FOOTBALL or RACING**

Book of Rules, or both.

**WILLIAM BARNES,**

**FOOTBALL TOTALISATOR,**

**Goes, Holland.**

Some Tote Odds, Nov. 19:—
5 Home Teams 11/1; 6 h.t. 39/1; 7 h.t. 84/1; 8 h.t. 279/1; 9 h.t. 813/1; 4 Away Teams 33/1; 5 a.t. 153/1; 6 a.t. 213/1; 7 a.t. 471/1; 1 Draw 12/1; 2 dr. 69/1.

Coupon and Tote-book sent free upon application.
(Mention this paper.)

# FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL

DO YOUR BUSINESS WITH THE WORLD'S PREMIER FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS . .

**WHITE FISHER & CO.,**

**MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.**

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Over 55,000 Winning Coupons paid during last Season

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Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

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(Successors to Freeborn, Franklin & Co. Established 1899)
1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

# GRESHAM LIFE OFFICE.

Founded 1848. Assets. £19,389,000

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICIES WITH CESSATION OF PREMIUMS DURING INCAPACITY
(TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT)
VERY MODERATE PREMIUMS

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JAMES H. SCOTT, *General Manager.*
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## I hereby certify that

the JUNON Hair Tonic and JUNON Hair Stains are absolutely free from injurious ingredients. They do not contain any substance of an inflammable or corrosive nature. JUNON Hair Tonic has undoubtedly a beneficial effect on the hair and hair-roots, and the JUNON Hair Stains produce permanent and highly-satisfactory results.

J. C. MASCARENHAS, Ph.D., F.C.S., K.S.B., Analytical Consulting Chemist, 27-28, King William St., E.C. *June, 1910*

**World-wide appreciation proves the value of**

# JUNON

## Hair Tonic

Restores gloss and brilliancy—stops hair falling—nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff—positively makes the hair grow—is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

post **1/- & 2/6** free

Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair.

Carefully packed

JUNON Hair Tonic may be used in conjunction with the JUNON Hair Stains; as, while it will quickly restore strength and vigour to the hair, it will not injure the effect of the stains in any way.

**JUNON Ltd.**

## Hair Stain

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the skin.

post **1/- & 2/9** free

Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut. Golden, Light Golden.

In plain package.

If you wish to restore your grey or faded hairs to their natural colour, send us a clipping of your hair where it is not yet grey or faded—and we will match the stain exactly to it.

57 MARSHAM STREET
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

J. E. & Co.

# The "Wincarnis" Campaign

## against

## COUGHS, COLDS and CHILLS

At this season of the year most of us habitually suffer from Coughs Colds, and Chills. These ailments are bad enough in themselves, but their *real* danger is in their liability to develop into Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Influenza, or even Consumption, unless the system is equipped to withstand these more dangerous illnesses. The proprietors of "WINCARNIS" are organising a campaign against COUGHS, COLDS, CHILLS, BRONCHITIS, and INFLUENZA, and propose to distribute another

## 100,000 BOTTLES OF "WINCARNIS" FREE.

to the first 100,000 applicants sending the coupon from this advertisement. These bottles are not mere tasting samples, but contain enough "Wincarnis" to do you a definite amount of good. You owe it to yourself to send for a free bottle now:

SEND THIS COUPON NOW.

**FREE TRIAL COUPON**

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd.,
W 16 Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a free bottle of "Wincarnis."
I enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage.

Name.....

Address.....

'John Bull," Dec. 10, 1910.


# *What is Your Number?*

**Our Weekly Ballot for 50 Helpers at Two Guineas Apiece.**

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of October 1st, 15th, 22nd, and 29th:—

HARRY DUCK, 142, Railway Cottages, St. Leonards-on-Sea. No. 122,550.—October 15th.

CHAS. H. WATKINS, 41, Wellesley Street, E. No. 162,136. October 22nd.

E. FITCH, 35, Bittern Street, Borough, S.E. No. 178,303. October 22nd.

HARRY POULTER, Eton Cottage, Grove Road, Chertsey, Surrey. No. 469,297.—October 22nd.

GEORGE W. BLYTHE, 5, Cliff-road, Hyde Park Corner, Leeds. No. 460,494.—October 29th.

W. DEAN, 44, Enfield Road, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire. No. 531,446.—October 29th.

ALBERT EDWARDS, 17, Back Victoria Terrace, Bolton Road, Bradford. No. 506,577.—October 1st.

E. H. HARVEY, 4, Victor Road, Kensal Rise, W. No. 601,228.—October 29th.

MISS MARY PATRICK, 26, Agincourt Avenue, Belfast. No. 66,386.—October 29th.

G. HARDWICK, Rose and Crown Hotel, Ilkley, Yorks. No. 316,645.—October 29th.

E. F. CHATBURN, Castleton Road, Hope, via Sheffield. No. 510,579.—October 29th.

HARRY BURTON, 6, Maybury Street, Tooting Graveney, S.W. No. 206,677.—October 29th.

E. J. BARTLETT, 33, Overcliff Road, Lewisham, S.E. No. 227,354.—October 29th.

C. A. COBB, 253, Leahurst Road, Lewisham, S.E. No. 185,854.—October 29th.

The following are the fifty numbers of our issue of November 12th:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 152 | 87981 | 201923 | 357384 | 526907 |
| 163 | 90969 | 220286 | 373734 | 543921 |
| 3438 | 104289 | 223804 | 375819 | 548683 |
| 7811 | 133314 | 228649 | 397165 | 567605 |
| 12707 | 147590 | 241762 | 426344 | 589166 |
| 41359 | 161353 | 253023 | 449690 | 596805 |
| 48603 | 167109 | 268524 | 465658 | 602033 |
| 51758 | 172470 | 313858 | 476453 | 607685 |
| 73939 | 185870 | 347440 | 487424 | 608467 |
| 83654 | 194633 | 353101 | 493671 | 610366 |

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 7TH (PUBLISHED JANUARY 5TH).

# FOOTBALL! FOOTBALL!

## Invest your money with Dublin's leading Turf and Football Accountant

# ALBERT DOYLE

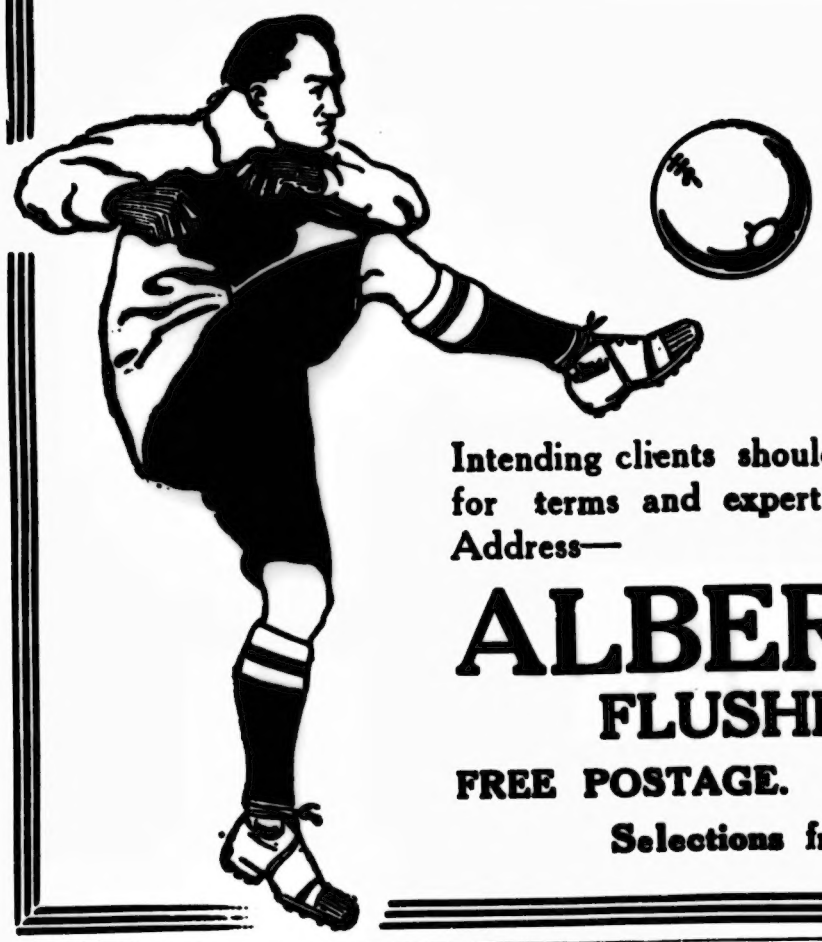
*(Son and successor to the well-known and popular John Doyle)*

## MONEY LOST

☛ November 26th spelled *disaster* for most of the Flushing Football Firms, but **Albert Doyle**—practically the *only* one to do so—**paid all winnings in full.**

## 6,200 clients received a total of £10,727

This is conclusive proof that **no business was ever organised upon a sounder basis.** Congratulations and recommendations have been *pouring* in. Sceptics are requested to verify this by reference to their friends who invested elsewhere.



¶ ALBERT DOYLE'S unvarying prompt and accurate settlements and magnificent returns are the talk of his enormous clientele. Thousands who took advantage of his advertisement in October 29th issue of "John Bull," are more than satisfied.

Intending clients should grasp the opportunity *now* and write for terms and expert advice. (1d. postcard is sufficient.) Address—

# ALBERT DOYLE,
## FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

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**Selections from all the Principal Leagues.**


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